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Mr Gaitskell to Show his Hand

MR MACLEOD'S refusal to appoint a committee of inquiry into the London bus dispute is a calculated act of political provocation. The whole affair, it seems, stems from Mr Thorneycroft's resignation. The political image which Thorneycroft personifies – deflation, tax reliefs and a showdown with Labour – is graven on most Tory hearts. But the Cabinet – above all Mr Butler – sensed the electoral danger of all this. Now, however, having manœuvred Thorneycroft out, they are still faced with their basic dilemma: they cannot meet an election with any sort of confidence unless they can hold both the marginal voters whom they won over in 1955, and the enthusiasm of their own rank and file; and the two are largely incompatible. So Mr Thorneycroft's resignation – a bonus for the floating vote – has to be matched by a trumpet-blast loud enough to revive the flagging spirits of the die-hards without frightening everybody else.

What better than an encore of the theme song which Mr Thorneycroft had made particularly his own when he turned down the health-workers' pay increase last December? Judged purely as a piece of political tactics, this might at first sight seem smart: Mr Cousins has been publicly embarrassed; there is, of course, some substance in the government's contention that a general agreement over the pay differential between London and provincial busmen is overdue; and nothing irritates the public – especially the working public – more than an apparently unnecessary transport strike.

Yet on this occasion not even the Tory press has found very much to applaud. And a closer look shows why. It was one thing to turn the heat on a small isolated and largely unknown group of civil servants: it is a symbol of a very different kind to challenge head-on the massed ranks of militant unionism. Moreover, the public understands that Mr Cousins' embarrassment is occasioned almost entirely by his patient efforts to avoid a strike. The government has now, by an irresponsible political gesture, both weakened his hand and put itself in the position where it may even be driven to provoke a strike in an effort to establish its case against the busmen.

The first task of the opposition now must be to expose the shoddy motives of the government's intervention, and ensure that the public has a clear idea of where the blame lies. But this is not enough. For the present crisis is merely a symptom of the basic fallacy in government policy – the attempt to fight, with the wrong weapons, an enemy which no longer exists. Last week, during the economic debate, Mr Gaitskell went some way to rise to the occasion. He accepted – as this journal has urged for some months – that the Treasury analysis of the economic situation is fundamentally unsound; that we are confronted not with a 'demand' inflation, but a 'cost' inflation, and that the remedy is not a restrictive financial policy, but an increase in production, with all the heavy investment this implies. But at that point he stopped. He deliberately refused to disclose the measures by which a future Labour government would bring this about.

In our view, this policy of refusing hard commitments – which was perhaps inevitable while the party was consolidating its unity and Mr Gaitskell was finding his feet as leader – is no longer prudent. The electoral swing against the Tories continues; but there is still no sign of any mass movement of opinion back to Labour. And the central cause of this reluctance is the almost total uncertainty in the public mind, not merely about Labour's long-term programme, but about its short-term policy for achieving reasonable price stability within the framework of economic progress. Mr Gaitskell must make it clear on what basis he and Mr Cousins can construct a working partnership between government and labour. But he must also decide – and publicise – how Labour proposes to finance the production upsurge which he rightly proclaims as essential. And such decisions will, in turn, involve a clarification of Labour's commitments over the whole field of Commonwealth and foreign affairs; for only substantial defence reductions can provide the surplus for a rapid rise in investment. Last week, with brutal honesty, Mr Thorneycroft disclosed that the government has no cards left in its hand. It is now time for Mr Gaitskell to reveal what he holds in his.

Comments on the Week's News

The Tragedy in Cyprus

This has been a tragic week in Cyprus. The serious rioting in the Turkish quarter of Nicosia, with its accompanying loss of life, has greatly added to the tension in the island and increased the likelihood that outbreaks of violence in the future may take a communal turn. As we write, the signs are that the Governor's return from Ankara, coupled with an appeal for calm from Mr Menderes, have been sufficient to restore quiet – at least for the moment. Meanwhile, Mr Selwyn Lloyd's conversations in Ankara – which have delayed the public announcement of the new British policy – illustrate how very much Cyprus has become a diplomatic issue. There would be no significant Cyprus problem if Britain, Greece and Turkey had not all, in the past, played an unworthy part in creating it. As things stand today, the problem cannot be solved inside Cyprus, or by Britain alone; for no solution will be workable unless both Greece and Turkey agree to let it work. The proof of Mr Selwyn Lloyd's diplomacy will be the extent to which he has persuaded Ankara to give fair consideration to other safeguards of Turkish interests than the utterly disastrous *pis aller* of partition. In this connection, we draw attention to H. N. Brailsford's striking proposal, published in our correspondence columns, that Cyprus should be demilitarised, or used only as a UN base. The strategic realities of Britain's Middle East position have changed so much in recent years that this must be regarded as a constructive suggestion which deserves serious official consideration.

Hot Air in Ankara

The fiction that America is not a member of the Baghdad Pact becomes more difficult to sustain with each gathering of its members. America now belongs to all three of its committees (military, economic and anti-subversion), and although Mr Dulles attended the current ministerial council meeting in Ankara purely as an 'observer', this did not prevent him from making the 'keynote' speech – and very long and controversial it was. Not only did he reject all the Soviet proposals for Middle East disarmament as 'grotesque', but he had more to say about his new analysis of the Cold War as a clash between 'religious' and 'atheistic' forces. No doubt he had been told that in this area the most powerful force against Communism is Moslem fanaticism (a widely held myth); but even so, some of his audience, including Mr Menderes, who leads the traditional Turkish anti-clerical party, must have been astonished to hear his castigation of 'materialistic atheism', and the statement that 'never will the United States accept . . . that men, because they are religious, must deny themselves means to defend their religious freedom'. The implication that Nato is primarily religious in character may well come as a surprise to that well-known atheist, M. Gaillard, to say nothing of M. Spaak, a passionate anti-clerical. But the chief objection to Dulles's speech was what it omitted. The four Asian members, convinced by repeated British promises that the economic aspects of the pact would, in future, receive greater emphasis, had tabled a number of specific and far-reaching demands for money. But American economic aid was not even mentioned by Dulles, and in view of the current state of mind of Congress, this is hardly surprising. Since any detailed agreement to accommodate US missile bases (Turkey has already agreed in principle) would increase the vulnerability of the northern tier, its members may well prove to be as recalcitrant as the European Nato states in Paris last December: only on this occasion the bargaining currency will not be Summit Talks but hard cash.

Exit Jimenez

In the last three years, four South American dictatorships – in Peru, Colombia, Argentina and now in Venezuela – have been replaced by more or less democratic regimes. Now only three full-blooded dictators survive: General Batista in Cuba, General Stroessner in Paraguay and Generalissimo Trujillo in Dominica; and of these only Trujillo's regime has any semblance of security. Democracy, in fact, has been making some progress in recent years throughout the continent, and the stability of the growing number of parliamentary regimes is slowly undermining the time-honoured myth that popular government is 'unsuited' to the Latin American temperament. Although the decisive factor in Jimenez's overthrow was the intervention of the army, the military leaders appear to have acted only after it became clear that popular agitation was under the systematic control of a central underground, organised on French Resistance lines, and recruited from every party ranging from Communists to right-wing Catholics. Perhaps the most satisfactory aspect of the affair, however, was the attitude of neutrality which Washington adopted towards the revolution. This may be explained partly by the prompt announcement from Caracas that the change of regime would not entail any revision of existing agreements with foreign oil companies. But it is also a reflection of a growing realisation in the State Department that, in areas where US interests or security are involved, 'stable' right-wing dictatorships are not necessarily preferable to 'unstable' democratic regimes. The early cold-war hysteria, which led to the disastrous American intervention in Guatemala, now seems to have been replaced by a more considered opinion that, in the words of the *New York Times*, 'only democracy is stable in our world'.

The Recruiting Muddle

The publication of the November recruiting figures – the first positive indication of the results of the government's new policy, based on six- and nine-year engagements – proves beyond any reasonable doubt that the Sandys scheme for an all-regular army is heading straight for the rocks. The matter was raised by Colonel Wigg, MP, in an adjournment debate on 22 January, and it is unfortunate that the lateness of the hour prevented any detailed reporting of his speech in the press. For, as he pointed out, on present figures, regulars would fall to about 134,000 on 1 January 1963 and 142,000 a year later; this will mean that, unless the government is prepared to scale down its minimum figure of 165,000 for the army, its promise to abolish conscription in 1960 will remain unfulfilled. As Colonel Wigg said, present recruiting figures would have to be doubled to reach the minimum figure; but if, this were done, the pile-up of medium-term recruits would confront the army with a surplus of 40,000-50,000 four years later. Mr Soames's reply is almost too puerile to be quoted: he did not, he said, deny the accuracy of Colonel Wigg's figures; but nothing could be based on November statistics, since 'November is a sticky wicket, notoriously so'. Mr Sandys is not yet prepared to confess himself beaten, as he made clear a week ago; but there are persistent reports – notably in last week's *Sunday Times* – that the War Office, in despair, is already considering a form of selective national service. The fact is, Mr Sandys's basic assumption – that the very act of abolishing conscription will itself increase regular recruiting – is based on a false analogy with the Territorial Army, a totally different case. Doubtless he is waiting for something better to turn up in the January figures, but, as Colonel Wigg pointed out, there is little time left for further reflection, for the new policy must be confirmed or abandoned before existing legislation expires this year.

Mr Steel

Whether or not the Stewarts & Lloyds campaign against steel nationalisation – and so inevitably, despite Mr A. G. Stewart's unconvincing disclaimer, against the Labour Party at the next election – will fall foul of the election laws is a matter which will eventually be tested in the courts. Again, whether or not the tax-paying public should be mulcted to help finance the campaign (as it was in the earlier case of Mr Cube) will depend on particular circumstances and cannot be prejudged now. What can be said now is that nothing is more calculated to rouse the mistrust of the public than the suspicion that these huge centres of private economic power, whose policies directly affect the national economy, are seeking to set their special interests over the public good. The Labour Party need have no fear of engaging in argument on this issue: indeed, the more explicit the argument becomes, the more easily can the point be made that the nation dare not once again leave the economic policy of the steel industry to be dictated by private commercial interests. It is true that, in the inflationary period since the war, public and private interest have broadly marched together; but there is no certainty that they will continue to do so. The socially irresponsible conduct of the steel-masters before the war not only weakened Britain in the face of Hitler's armies, but made them second only to the mine-owners as architects of the social misery which disfigured the Twenties and Thirties.

Granada at Rochdale

Granada TV's hopes of reporting the Rochdale by-election, with cameras covering not only meetings but also canvassing on the doorstep and work in the committee rooms, are still held up by the legal doubts of the two main political parties. While the Liberals, possibly influenced by the fact that their candidate is a ready-made TV star, welcome the plan, Tories and Socialists are thumbing through the Representation of the People Act, 1949. Could such television programmes be considered under the Act to be furthering the individual interests of the candidates? If so, the cost would be included in the candidates' election expenses and might well bring those expenses above the legal limit. This is a serious consideration. Yet it would seem illogical to prevent TV from doing what newspapers

may do freely – if less strikingly. One of the reasons for holding elections is to give the elector the chance of forming a more favourable impression of one candidate over another; and since television is nowadays the most effective single means of public communication, surely it should not be debarred from the freedom – equally with the responsibility – which is already accepted for the press. Experience shows that TV features can be fairly presented; and the real safeguard against unfair party advantage should surely be not the Representation of the People Act, 1949, but the Television Act, 1954. It is up to the ITA to establish firmly the standards of integrity which are already associated with the BBC.

The Last of the First

Sir Charles Trevelyan, who died last week-end, was a more interesting political figure than merely an honourable and venerable survivor of Ramsay MacDonald's two Labour cabinets. He was a man of deep left-wing conviction and a radical impatience which did not lessen with age. His introduction to Labour politics, after he resigned from Mr Asquith's government in 1914 over Britain's entry into the war, was through the Union of Democratic Control and the ILP. The international ideals which men like E. D. Morel, Norman Angell and Seymour Cocks impressed on the UDC at that period stayed with Trevelyan for the rest of his life. Foreign policy was always his main interest, though he is best remembered in the Labour party for his periods at the Board of Education in the governments of 1924 and 1929 and for his resignation, which was occasioned by the Lords' rejection of his School Leaving Age Bill but which expressed his general disgust at MacDonald's spineless leadership. This gesture was characteristic. He was temperamentally an oppositionist all his life. He had become largely forgotten in the 'respectable' post-1945 Labour Party, rarely quoted and still more rarely seen. Yet one unobtrusive political gesture showed where his sympathies lay: in the 1950 general election, a number of Labour candidates – some at least personally unknown to him, but all expressed left-wingers and fighting marginal seats – received, out of the blue, cheques for their election funds and letters of good wishes signed 'Yours faithfully, Charles Trevelyan'.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Harwell

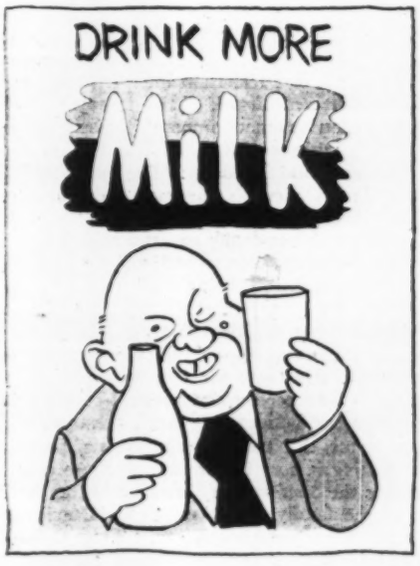
Baby Sun

Ritchie Calder writes: In the gratifying reception it has received throughout the world Zeta, the baby sun, has rivalled Sputnik, the baby moon. And it deserves it, for it is an unarmed Minerva sprung from the head of Zeus. Even the most devious imagination will be hard put to it to discover a military trait in it and Sir John Cockcroft has assured us that it owed nothing to the H-bomb, or the tests. Zeta will be much more than a nine days, or even a circumbulatory three months, wonder; and the Indians, who discovered a new sign of the zodiac in Sputnik, may be reminded that their own prophet, Professor Homi J. Bhabha, predicted at the 1955 Geneva Atoms for Peace Conference the coming of a power which would 'solve the energy problems of the world forever, for the fuel will be as plentiful as the heavy hydrogen in the oceans'.

This is the beginning of that fulfilment; but, after the headlines, a sober reappraisal may be in order. First, it is necessary to salvage the essential facts. In spite of the scientific coyness about whether the neutrons were thermonuclear or not, we can take it that 'fusion-energy' was born at Harwell on the night of 30 August 1957. The temperatures at Zeta have been *measured* at 5,000,000 °C (the US temperatures have only been *estimated* and sustained for only a fraction of the time). By boosting the present Zeta, Thonemann and his colleagues at Harwell are confident that a year from now they will be getting temperatures greater than those of the core of the sun – 15,000,000 °C. Simultaneously, however, work will be in progress on Superzeta which will maintain temperatures at, or about, ten times the sun's, and then the process will be 'breaking even' – giving out at least as much energy as the conventional electricity is putting in. Beyond that again there will be the industrial prototype, a self-sustaining process yielding bonus energy.

What may seem surprising is that the scientists have to excel Nature and give the earth-born 'sun' ten times as much heat as that blazing furnace 93,000,000 miles away, and yet they tell us that the thermonuclear fusion processes are similar. But not the same. The sun is a sphere 864,000 miles in diameter. Zeta is a hollow 'bangle', a metre in diameter internally and three metres in cross-diameter. The sun has been on the job billions of years and it has the spacious time to work a more leisurely process, infinitely more complex than that of Zeta – a sort of country-dance of atoms.

Thermonuclear energy depends on building up atoms of hydrogen into atoms of helium. Four atoms of ordinary hydrogen become one atom of helium with an excess of energy which is released. But to shorten the laborious process of the sun, the scientists do simple arithmetic – two-and-two make four, or three-and-two make four-plus-one. Nature has provided the twos in the form of double hydrogen or deuterium and it is possible to manufacture the threes – tritium, or triple hydrogen, which is radioactive. If you 'solder' tritium and deuterium, you need less heat – about 40,000,000 °C – and you have that 'plus one' particle in the form of a neutron. But the object of the exercise is to use the abundant heavy hydrogen. That means far greater heat to flash-weld the atoms. This heat is induced in the heavy-hydrogen gas, using much the same effect as that in neon-lighting of shops or strip-lighting in buildings. Electric currents propel the atoms at such a rate that they collide and generate heat until they become so hot that they fuse.



And it is confidently expected that by a similar technique (in reverse, as it were) the electricity will be removed directly as current. This is revolutionary. Atoms, at the moment, are just fuel in a furnace from which the heat is removed to produce steam or hot gases to drive turbo-generators. That heat transfer and mechanical generation would be cut out. This is where Sceptre III, the AEI assembly at Aldermaston, becomes interesting. It is an even smaller affair than Zeta, yet it has achieved 4,000,000 °C and indicative fusions. If, on the direct-supply electricity principle, a unit as small as this could function, then the power-hungry countries might hope for packaged fusion reactors. Anyway, the secrets and the description of the methods are out. Any scientists with £300,000 and a copy of *Nature* can Do-it-Themselves.

New Delhi

Sheikh Abdullah's Release

A Correspondent writes: It is three weeks now since Sheikh Abdullah, the former Prime Minister of Kashmir State, was released. Those who had expected fireworks or convulsions have been somewhat disappointed. It would be hasty, however, to dismiss the Sheikh. His popularity among the Kashmiri people does not appear to have diminished. As expected, he continues to adhere to his plea for a three-cornered plebiscite, with the alternatives of acceding to India, or to Pakistan, or of being independent. He is more firm on this than he seemed before his imprisonment. In his utterances after release, he has left no doubt that he favours the somewhat impossible position of independence for Kashmir.

A somewhat new, and regrettable, development evident in his speeches, is an inclination towards communalism – the Hindu-Muslim inhibition that the government of India has been trying desperately to erase from the Indian mind, not unsuccessfully. He has dwelt on 'the interests of my Kashmiri Muslim brethren', and spoken of the Muslims of Kashmir as the Kashmiri nation. His first address at Srinagar is said to have been liberally interspersed with verses from the Koran, and delivered in an atmosphere reminiscent of communal meetings in pre-partition India. Commenting on the present government in Kashmir State, formed by his former colleagues, Mr Abdullah dismissed it as a clique of undesirable elements, and remarked that 'slogans do not change a situation. What is the point of people proclaiming from the top of the Bannihal Pass that no power on earth can alter a decision?' The Sheikh may now align himself with one of the three opposition groups. He may, first, join up with the Plebiscite Front, as he seems to be contemplating, for both want a plebiscite. A section of the Front also seeks independence; another seeks accession to Pakistan – on a religious basis. He may, secondly, combine with the Democratic National Conference, led by Mr G. M. Sadiq. The DNC is supported by the Communists, and of course agrees wholeheartedly with the Sheikh in opposing uncompromisingly the present state government. But

Mr Sadiq and his friends were the ones who accused him most vehemently of conspiring with 'Anglo-American imperialist machinations' on the eve of his imprisonment. Thirdly, the Sheikh might throw in his lot with the Political Conference, which is more or less the Indian version of 'Azad' Kashmir's Muslim Conference. It is a communal group said to have affiliations in Pakistan, and would prefer the state's accession to that country. The group is bound at least to support the Sheikh in demanding a plebiscite.

It is quite probable, however, that the Sheikh may not be able to muster the strength he believes he can. It is all very well to advise people, who have for the first time in centuries experienced the satisfaction of two meals a day and of life in comparative security, to 'starve in independence'. You cannot easily persuade them to relinquish these for the sake of religious bonds and brotherhood. Moreover, there is the not-so-enviable life being led by people on the other side of the cease-fire line, in 'Azad' Kashmir, of which knowledge is common enough. But while it seems certain that Sheikh Abdullah cannot undo the developments that have taken place in Kashmir during his imprisonment, it is just as certain that the government cannot ignore him.

Westminster

The Battle of the Buses

The anger of Labour members at the government's handling of the London busmen's pay dispute had been boiling ever since Mr Iain Macleod refused to appoint a committee of inquiry. The opposition had little doubt of what was going on. The government, it felt, was trying to recover and consolidate its own political position even at the risk of serious industrial trouble. Many Labour members are inclined to agree with Mr Macleod's main argument that a differential should be fixed but they say that, regardless of differential, the basic rates of London busmen are at present far too low, and that in any case the differential should be settled by the union.

Further they do not believe that Macleod is using the argument sincerely since, in place of the proposed inquiry, he has suggested that the men should go to arbitration. Of course, he may be convinced that nowadays arbitration is so loaded against the unions that no increase would result from it – and the fact that he suggested arbitration in the very week when the government has given a further official warning to arbitrators indicates this. But if he did think that arbitration was still unfettered, he must also have thought that the arbitrators might recommend a London increase; and the danger that an increase for London would stimulate demands from the provinces is neither greater nor less if the increase is recommended by arbitrators than if it is recommended by a committee of inquiry.

However discreditable the tactics seemed, Labour was still more infuriated by the fact that, for the second time – the treatment of the health service workers still rankles – the government has directly interfered with negotiating machinery. Clearly, the opposition feels, the government has drawn a new class-war weapon from its armoury, and intends to use it. Hence within a few days, a somewhat lethargic parliamentary opposition has been transformed into a militant and united body which is determined to fight back, and the first clash, on Wednesday, when Mr Alfred Robens questioned the Minister of Labour was awaited with an impatience which no one tried to conceal.

But, as sometimes happens, when the actual moment came, the rockets expected from the opposition turned out to be flopniks. This was partly due to some incautious comments by Robens who, after a short, temperately toned statement by the minister, allowed himself to digress from the London busmen and to remark that the minister's action had destroyed the railwaymen's faith in arbitration. Macleod was at once able to draw a sharp cheer from his own side by suggesting that this was a curious remark for Robens to make on the very day when the railwaymen had accepted arbitration.

Subsequently, when Macleod was arguing that a minister's decision in all such cases should be no mere formality and that he himself, before giving a decision, thought the matter over carefully, Robens exclaimed derisively, 'Well, you're the first Minister of Labour who ever did so'. The derision which this comment excited in return seemed to damp further questioners and Macleod was left in possession of the field.

He was not even asked to explain how he reconciled his decision that no increase should be granted to London until the London-provincial differential had been decided with his suggestion that the London busmen should go to arbitration. On this, however, he was saved, not by opposition gaucherie, but by the Speaker, who pulled his curtain on the scene at the moment when Mr Charles Gibson was on his feet trying to ask this very question. This was an unsatisfactory quarter of an hour for the busmen, for the opposition and, I think, for parliament. But on this matter, other quarters of an hour are still to come.

J. P. W. Mallalieu

Fleet Street

Quis Custodiet?

What with Mr Herbert Gunn of the *Daily Sketch* and Mr Stuart Campbell of the *People*, not to mention various other assorted representatives of the profession of journalism, prancing busily in the arena in defence of the freedom of the press, I begin to have an uncomfortable feeling that the ghost of Madame Roland is following me around: 'Oh liberty, liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name.' The defence of the freedom of the press is of course a worthy objective for any journalist. But amid the recent spate of words it seems to me desirable to stand still for a moment and consider just what this freedom means. Mr Gunn is an absolutist in this matter. In the course of a television interview in *Panorama*, he delivered himself of this impressive sentence: 'You cannot impose limitations on journalists without also imperilling the freedom of the press.' And he added: 'The inquisitive reporter, in my view, is the most valuable asset British society has.'

Mr Gunn is personally an extremely able professional newspaperman as well as being a friendly and intelligent human being, and he made a good case. The inquisitive reporter is a valuable, indeed an essential, asset of a democratic society. And any extreme attempt to impose limitations on journalists – other than those which apply to any citizen – is full of danger for the freedom of the press and much else besides. But that is exactly why, it seems to me, that the *Sketch* in some of the kind of reporting it goes in for, and all those (not in this case the *Sketch* itself) involved in the harrying of the family of the murdered Dutch girl, bear so heavy a responsibility. They create a situation which no ordinary person can possibly defend. And by so doing they make it only too likely that attempts to impose limitations on the press will secure public support without the possible future implication of these restrictions being fully appreciated. I believe, as I said last week, that this is primarily the responsibility of the individual editor and the individual reporter. I do not believe they can simply shelter behind their proprietors. Of course a good deal of the ultimate responsibility is the proprietors'. Most of them, if tackled, will say that no instructions of theirs ever require their staff to contravene the standards of normal decent behaviour in getting news – quite the contrary. And it is perfectly true that – like slum landlords – they prefer not to know in too much detail how the money comes in. But the long struggle for the freedom of the press was not fought simply in order to make newspaper proprietors rich. And it was certainly not won by men who ducked behind their pay packets whenever the call to stand up for principle was heard. If journalism is to be more than a branch of the entertainment business – and at times a pretty disreputable one – then individual journalists have to be prepared to stand by principles of decent professional conduct even if to do so may sometimes mean risking a job.

This seems to me particularly essential in that area of journalism which is most hated by, and is most vulnerable to the attacks of, authority in all its forms: the mass circulation and tabloid press. The function of this press is different from that of what are professionally termed 'the heavies'. And properly so. It is not its job, as it is theirs, to provide a sustained and informed examination of public affairs. It has neither the competence nor the public to do so. It exists to watch, to inquire, to play hell. It need not worry if it is thought vulgar, noisy and disreputable. What it cannot afford to do is to open the gates to its enemies, and give them plausible grounds for attempting to block its legitimate if often embarrassing inquisitiveness.

Nor I think can it afford to talk hypocritical nonsense about the rights of the press unless it is prepared to think a good deal more about what those rights are. Which brings me to Mr Stuart Campbell. Mr Campbell, who has just joined that august body, devoted two columns of his paper last week to praising the Press Council. This praise it won from him by reporting that he and the *Sunday Express* had not been guilty of distortion in their treatment of Malcolm Muggeridge's now famous *Saturday Evening Post* article on the institution of royalty. I personally find it difficult, having studied carefully and in detail both the original article and the *Express* and *People* versions of it, to see how any literate body of men could reach such a decision. My own opinion on the evidence is that this is one of the worst cases of distortion I have come across in a lifetime of journalism. I think the Press Council has sacrificed all intelligent respect by its refusal to say so. That is my opinion. I cannot expect Mr Campbell to share it. But when he goes on to proclaim that by rejecting Muggeridge's well founded and well documented case the Press Council has fought off an attempt to 'gag the newspapers' he is talking hypocritical nonsense. Of course, any newspaper has a right to criticise Muggeridge or anyone else. What it has not a right to do, is to do so on the basis of what the Press Council itself admits to be a partial presentation. The *People* has done some useful exposing in its time. But it deserves nothing but contempt when it starts shouting about gagging because for once one of its victims answers back. The freedom of the press is too important to be smeared by such infantile bellowings.

Francis Williams

No Bids for Elijah's Mantle

EVERY few decades, the Tories have to undergo the dark night of the soul. As members of a party which, by definition, is pledged to preserve the present against the future, they become aware, from time to time, that the present has imperceptibly become the past, and the future the present. The consequent readjustments are invariably painful. It is like the genteel widow who, in order to keep up the family mansion, finds herself obliged to take in lodgers; first the attic goes, then the top floor, then the best bedrooms, then the drawing room, until finally she finds herself living in the basement. Each decision is inevitable, but each is preceded by an acrimonious family conference. So it is with the Tories: every so often, in order to survive at all, they find they have to catch up with history. The irresistible force of political reality comes up against the immovable object of traditional dogma; and it is always the object which, in the end, has to give way. It happened in 1829 over Catholic Emancipation; in 1846 over the Corn Laws; in 1867 over the Suffrage; in 1911 over the House of Lords. It has just happened again.

For – and this is where the political pundits seem to me to have been inept in their comparisons – the historical parallel with Mr Thorneycroft's resignation is not Lord Randolph Churchill's in 1886. Churchill did not resign over an issue of principle; his motives were purely political. He thought that, by leaving Salisbury without a Chancellor, the ministry would collapse, and he would get the leadership of the party. It was, in short, a brutal and unsuccessful piece of political blackmail. But Mr Thorneycroft had no such aim. He resigned because he believed the Tory leaders were knowingly and deliberately surrendering a vital Tory bastion. The comparison is not with 1886, but with 1846.

Peel's abandonment of the Corn Laws is often, and rightly, cited as an example of a great statesman's conversion to a new and wiser course by a logical process, which can be traced in his letters and papers, of objective ratiocination. But his Tory backbenchers did not see it that way. They saw it as a cowardly betrayal of a carefully thought-out policy, with which Peel had been personally identified for many years, which had been his main plank at the previous election, and to pursue which he had been returned to Westminster with a massive majority. And to their mind, the final ignominy was that Peel, having been converted to his opponents' measure, did not retire honourably and allow them to carry it through, but performed the butchery himself. This was the theme of Disraeli's philippics, and the reasoning which led to Peel's downfall.

Today, the circumstances of Peel's surrender are broadly paralleled. Since the war, the overwhelming majority of the Tory party have believed that their leaders are irrevocably committed to four fundamental things: to maintain the value of sterling, to lower the restrictions and disincentives on private enterprise, to reduce the bargaining power of the unions to its proper limits, and, above all, to give a square deal to the middle classes. That some of these objectives are mutually contradictory, that others are economically disastrous, politically unwise or morally reprehensible, makes no matter: they are the kernel of the contemporary Tory faith, the image for which the party workers fought in 1951 and again in 1955.

The image has remained, as those who upheld it sadly found, largely unrealised. Year after year has gone by, budget after budget, but it continues to elude them; it is always just round the corner. They have had, to be sure, an occasional sum on account, to keep them quiet – a shilling off the income tax here, a cut off the subsidies there – but they have never been allowed to touch the principal. The mask of the Welfare State still grins derisively at them, the pound grows weaker, the unions stronger. But, until a month ago, hope still shone eternal in the Tory breast: these were the uphill years, they reassured themselves, the necessary ascent from Socialist chaos; soon – this year, next year, perhaps – the broad and fertile plateau of Tory freedom would be reached.

Then came the Thorneycroft affair. Here at last was the sea-green incorruptible, the iron man of principle who would stand fast against the drift to Socialism. A dose of unemployment? Thorneycroft was willing. A slashing attack on the social

On the sidewalk Sunday morning
Lies a body oozing life.

Someone's sneaking round the corner,
Is the someone MAC THE KNIFE?—*The Threepenny Opera*

services? Thorneycroft was willing. A real fight to the finish with the unions? Peter the Great was prepared for all these. No more would the backbenchers be fobbed off with departmental briefs read out by faceless ministers with one eye on the by-election figures. Here at last was a Chancellor of the Exchequer – a man who knew all the arguments, who had all the figures and all the experts at his command – who was prepared to say that Tory freedom was not just an ideal, but a practical, indeed inescapable, necessity. But what happened? The Tory leaders promptly repudiated his views, and the wretched man was cast out into the wilderness. For the Tory family, this was, at long last, the moment of truth. They must now realise that retreat is irreversible: the basement yawns up to engulf them. No doubt there will be some face-saving in the budget, and perhaps a calculated scuffle with the unions. But none of this alters the salient truth: the contemporary Tory image is shattered, and it was their own leader who wielded the hammer.

In primitive societies, when disaster becomes irretrievable, the usual custom is to kill the king. This was the procedure the Tories followed in 1846. To do so might be politically inexpedient, electorally disastrous, but honour demanded no less. In his life of Lord George Bentinck, Disraeli quotes with relish the famous catalogue of great Tory names as they marched into the lobbies to vote Peel down:

> The Manners were there and the Somersets, the Bentincks, the Lowthers and the Lennoxes. Sir Charles Burrell was there and Sir William Jolliffe, Sir Charles Knightly, Sir John Trollope, Sir Edward Kerrison, Sir John Tyrrell and Sir John Yarde Buller. They trooped on: all the men of metal and large-acred squires, whose spirit Peel had so often quickened and whose counsel he had so often solicited in his fine speeches in Whitehall Gardens: Mr Banks, with a parliamentary name of two centuries, and Mr Christopher from that broad Lincolnshire which protection had created; and the Mileses and the Henleys were there; and the Duncombes, the Liddells and the Yorkes; and Devon had sent there the stout heart of Mr Buck – and Wiltshire, the pleasant presence of Walter Long . . . but the list is too long, or good names remain behind.

Last Thursday, I watched the resignation debate in the House of Commons – the contemporary equivalent of that famous scene in 1846 – and I fear that not even Disraeli's pen could extract an atom of romance from it. Where, he might have asked, were the men of metal and large acres today? Where were the bearers of those fine, reverberating Tory names, who had seen their principles so totally betrayed? Where was Sir William Anstruther-Grey and Sir Hugh Lucas-Tooth? Where was Colonel Crosthwaite-Eyre and Mr Chichester-Clark? Where was the stalwart Wing-Commander Grant-Ferris, up from Cheshire, or the brave Sir Ian Orr-Ewing, from faithful Weston-super-Mare? Where, indeed, were the Mott-Radclyffes and the Joynson-Hickses, the Legge-Bourkes and the Bromley-Davenports? Where were the Astors and the Ashtons, the Hollands and the Howards? Where was that paladin of economy, Sir Ian Horobin, and that champion of enterprise, Mr Ted Leather? Where were the heroes of all those angry landladies, those brass-voiced matriarchs from the shires, those commercial gents from minor public schools, those retired majors from obscure regiments, those proud owners of garages and groceries and dairy-rounds, who keep the Tory standard aloft in dark days and in fine?

The answer, of course, is that all these gentlemen were being marched into the government lobby, under the not unkindly gaze of Mr Butler, and the tramp of their well-shod feet on the Commons floor beat out the solemn requiem of Tory principle. Not a single voice cried out at the ignominy of it all. Not a single curse was hurled at the traitorous leader. Indeed, Mr Macmillan, unlike Peel, did not even find it necessary to be present. He knows his men too well for that. Most of mankind he finds to be beneath contempt. He has great contempt for the Opposition; greater still for the electorate. But his chief, supreme and loftiest contempt is reserved for his own followers. Before he climbed aboard his Britannia, he ran his eye down the catalogue of their names, and looked in vain for a hint of a Disraeli. There would, he knew, be no bids for Elijah's mantle. So, while the division bells jangled, Mr Macmillan was sleeping soundly in his New Zealand bed.

The same evening, Mr Angus Maude announced that he was off to Australia. Captain Waterhouse and Sir Victor Raikes had already anticipated him in shaking the dust of Westminster from their feet; but, somehow, the departure of Maude seemed more poignant and final. Yet, strangely enough, the orthodox organs of Toryism had no comment to make; and it was left to that astute romantic, Mr Derek Marks of the *Daily Express*, to draw the melancholy moral. This seemed, he wrote, the ultimate proof that there was no longer any place for independent-spirited men in the Tory Party; that the triumph of the time-serving mediocre, of the mindless machine, was complete.

PAUL JOHNSON

Gandhi, Ten Years After

Mahatma Gandhi was assassinated on 30 January, 1948.

How much in the frankness and friendliness of the British Prime Minister's recent reception in India is owed to the man who was killed in New Delhi just ten years ago is an open question. One thing is certain. Gandhi had the chance, and was urged from many quarters, to make one final and supreme act of protest on the issue of partition. He could have blamed the British for the 'parting kick of imperialism', and his words would have carried all over a land already dangerously inflamed. This Gandhi declined to do. Not only did he announce positively that the transfer of power to two national authorities was the responsibility of the Congress and Muslim League leaders. He had already advised Lord Mountbatten in the strongest terms that if partition had to come it would be a grave mistake to let it even appear to come from Britain. What sort of political opportunism, what kind of Hindu shrewdness, was that?

It all seems long ago. That last phase of Gandhi's life does not answer the nagging question, whether he was a man of religion or a man of politics, except to show that his own insistence on the possibility of being both was at least genuine. In the tradition of politics, he should have become his country's first President, or perhaps its dictator. In the tradition of sainthood, he should have retired to some Himalayan cave. By doing neither he almost compels us to pay attention to himself, to look again at the idealistic polity that he advocated with quixotic persistence, to drop the clichés and the preconceptions and start again with him, if need be, at the beginning.

Mr Nehru, who could not but differ with him on several issues and occasions, told me that Gandhi's outstanding characteristic was faith; his outstanding gift to others, courage. Gandhi himself, and many of his disciples, might begin and end with the name of God and the concept of truth. But there is one fairly clear path through his extraordinary career. It is provided by his preoccupation with the good life, with the proposition that there is something attainable by the individual which will, in a practical sense, 'work'.

Starting with the search for a vegetarian restaurant in London in his student-days, the experiments are as 'cranky' as you like. Gandhi never minded being called a crank. Few of us would care to seek perfection by getting up at three every morning, and fewer still would applaud all Gandhi's ideas on health or diet, on sin or sex. But the fact is that on the whole, despite apparent failures within his overt successes, and despite stretches of acute discouragement during his detention in 1942-3 and in his loneliness after 1946, Gandhi was a happy man.

He started, in short, by moulding his own life. He was an ordinary man, said Dr Zakir Husain, who 'hammered himself into shape'. Human indignities suffered by his countrymen in South Africa gave him the opportunity to extend his individual experiments into the social and political field, and discoveries came with success. He found things working, people responding. But in his old age, talking with intimates about those early days, he did not say, 'I found a cause' or 'I found a technique', but 'I found *myself* in South Africa'.

The cause and the technique were to make history. But it was by no means a foregone conclusion that, on his return to India in 1915, Gandhi would apply what he had found in the interest of nationalist politics. The decision to work towards the removal of British power (though post-war disillusionment and the shock of Jalianwala Bagh played their part) had really grown upon him with the conviction that the experience of responsibility was essential to the solution of the non-political problems which deeply engaged him. *'Feel* that you are free' became the core of his message, with the added strength that to many it combined a religious and individual with a political appeal.

Thus the curious paradox developed that, although as a politician Gandhi seemed always to be pressing the British farther and faster than they were prepared to go, he often said that he would rather wait than get the wrong kind of independence, or get it in the wrong way. The revolution – *his* sort of revolution – was more important to him than its political goal; and therefore he upset people, in India and in Britain, who saw the goal but had other plans of reaching it, either more or less 'constitutional'. He wanted the psychological assurance more than the constitutional fact. ('He wasn't interested in constitutions,' said Lord Halifax, who as Lord Irwin both fought him and made peace with him.) It was the shock-therapy of 'feeling free' that he prescribed. But for India's ills he also prescribed action, exercise, all his own carefully considered and deliberately tested moral equivalents of war.

The wrong kind of independence was for Gandhi (partition aside) something very like what India finally and inevitably attained – the modern western concept of the nation-state. This is one measure of his failure. But it must be recognised, first, that he had to compete with violent extremists on the one hand and the well-to-do westernised politicians on the other, neither of

whom would have made a more satisfactory 'Indian' job of it if they had succeeded alone; secondly, that he was consistent enough to dissociate himself from the final exercise of power and to criticise it frankly; and thirdly that his influence on independent India, even if seen as a compromise, has been of great significance.

The wrong way to independence was, of course, the way of violence (something both broader and subtler than mere bloodshed). Gandhi can surely be cleared of the charge that his mass-campaigns were bound to produce some violent incidents, for nobody reacted to such incidents more directly than he, and often at the cost of his power. He was concerned to control by his own methods an existing revolutionary situation, and used the prestige of his leadership in bargaining for a free hand with politicians who did not share all his views. But the basic British difficulty with him was that we did not want to have to deal with a mass-movement at all, and held Gandhi responsible for the 'revolutionary situation' itself and for disturbing our emotional paternal relationship with the peasant-millions. At our own best valuation, that of an honest desire to concede independence by sound constitutional stages on the basis of Indian domestic agreement, we still had to meet a leader who believed not only that agreement could come only with the stimulus of independence itself, but also that freedom would be worthless as a gift from above, that action on a mass scale was necessary for the country's own redemption.

Even so, who can say which way the pattern of forces might finally have moved into balance without the catastrophic interruption of World War II? Simplicity underlay Gandhi's shrewdness, but none of the answers are really simple. Despite the remarkable integration of his own personality – or because of it – motivation can be sought and found on different levels. The spinning-wheel was a mystic symbol, like the Buddhist Wheel of the Law. It was also a device (like St Anthony's basket-weaving) for the stilling of worldly thoughts and desires. But it was primarily a direct assault upon a concrete problem, the semi-employed poverty of a peasantry that had lost its cottage-crafts. An hour before his assassination in New Delhi, arrangements had been made for his departure next day for his rural headquarters at Wardha, in the middle of India, there to propose the revitalisation of his 'constructive programme' – the revival of village industries, rural hygiene, basic education, the uplift of outcasts and of tribal people and of women, the campaign for prohibition, the service of lepers, and all the many other well-nurtured growths that for Gandhi himself meant nationhood.

The Hindu mind, attuned to flux and process, does not readily accept either the millennium or the apocalypse. Gandhi believed that he was on the right road, but only at the beginning of it, even in India. When the Congress Party differed with him in 1940, it protested that it was a political institution pledged to win Indian independence, not an institution for organising world peace. His ideas and practice of non-violence gave Gandhi a world status, but his experiments, big as they were, were in a limited field, a specialised situation. Those who since his death have tried in other situations to repeat his experiments (there is evidence from several countries) have found that they are in no sense an easy way out, and that the genius of leadership is both necessary and rare. But at least, in these days of radical questioning, Gandhi provides a point of reference. The starry-eyed have been joined by a practical craftsman.

FRANCIS WATSON

London Diary

SPEAKING in a church is an odd experience, if only because there is no applause. This happened to me last week at Great Saint Mary's Church, Cambridge, where the Rector, Mervyn Stockwood, has arranged a series of mid-week addresses. One is so used to having some sort of reaction to a speech, and to instinctively judging its success or failure in the light of how it is received, that to sit down to dead silence is a bit of a shock. Stockwood, of course, is entirely right to insist on this arrangement. Though it is perfectly proper to use a religious edifice for secular addresses, it would be inappropriate to permit the sort of applause and catcalls which ordinarily accompany public speaking. I wondered how the absence of ostensible audience reaction would affect Aneurin Bevan, who is due to speak at Great Saint Mary's on a similar occasion. He must be so used to tumultuous applause, or the reverse, that a silent audience might be disconcerting to him. Orators like Bevan establish a kind of physical relationship with their audiences which requires, I should suppose, outward and visible expression. They do not follow Blakes precept to lovers – 'Silently, invisibly, ah! was no deny'.

* * *

Undergraduate questioning is always interesting. Far better than polls and surveys, it gives one an idea of what young men at universities are thinking, hoping and dreading. I found the questions put to me much less cocksure and facetious than on previous occasions; certainly, than they would have been some 35 years ago when I was an undergraduate. One questioner asked how, if it took at least three years at the university to learn even a little about a particular subject, it was possible to acquire the necessary knowledge to form opinions in other fields. Obviously, he was not in the habit of turning on the Sunday afternoon Brains Trust to watch Dr Bronowski, Professor Ayer, Lady Violet Bonham-Carter, and others disport themselves. Or perhaps, in his innocence, he believes the Brainstrusters really are equipped to pronounce themselves upon, virtually, anything. I should say that, among the sillier assumptions of this time, is the one that eminence and volubility in one direction qualify for the expression of emphatic opinions in another. Radio and television have given a great impetus here. 'Do the panel think that there is an after life?' The MP says (thinking, no doubt, of the still fairly solid religious vote in his constituency) that he cannot be sure, but that he does feel that in some mysterious way a purpose is etc., etc. The Jolly Farmer says he's blowed if he cares one way or the other, and notes that his pigs seem to get along very well in this life without bothering about another; Mrs Saltash, a regular on the panel, tells a story of respectable antiquity about someone playing a harp, and the other MP decides to go after the rationalist vote, and take his stand with Bertrand Russell, which enables him to bring in the H-bomb and gain a little kudos that way. It is surely the last infirmity of all intellectual endeavour. The attitude of my undergraduate questioner deserves sympathy.

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I have rather a Marx Brothers attitude to human affairs; so to me far and away the most diverting public figure at the moment is Lord Hailsham. I cannot have enough of his speeches; his bell-ringing and other antics are a constant delight, and I pine for some more of his poems. On the few occasions that I have been in his company I have found him, as a person, sympathetic, though debating with him has its own peculiarities. He goes along quite smoothly for a while, and then, suddenly, some point – often a minor one – takes hold of him, and the arms begin to wave, the face to gibber, the voice to reach a shrill and barely articulate height. Then the spasm ends as abruptly as it began, and he resumes his even and competent argument. The choice of so unusual a man as Conservative Party Chairman is significant. Just think of Lord Woolton, his predecessor but one! The two are as different as a tabby cat and a laughing hyena.

* * *

The Conservatives seldom promote their eccentrics – which is why eccentrics tend to drift leftwards, with not altogether happy results for the Labour Party. The fact that, today, the Conservatives have turned to Lord Hailsham, rather than to one of their quieter, richer, more calculable figures, is surely a measure of their present distress. In the constituencies, the ladies, particularly, want someone to bang the table hard, and talk about England's greatness and Christian virtues. They want sound and fury rather than careful statements of policy, which too frequently lead to conclusions they find distasteful. Indeed, they like the new chairman all the better for not knowing exactly where he stands on particular issues. Was he for Suez? Or against it? Probably both. All the better. I foresee a great future for Lord Hailsham.

* * *

I was discussing the other day with a very agreeable back-bench Conservative MP the high incidence of mental instability, if not lunacy, among those set in authority over us. We agreed that nowadays the exercise of power involves such pressures and publicity that the most stable mind can easily become disordered thereby. In this connection, my friend put forward what I thought was a quite promising proposal. If sane men are driven mad by occupying positions of supreme authority, he said, why not try out someone who is already mad in the hope that he may be driven sane? King Otto of Greece, according to a biography I once read, had rather this attitude. It appears that one of his ministers at a Cabinet meeting got under the table and started biting his colleagues' calves, whereupon King Otto said: 'Leave him alone! He will do good work at the Ministry of Finance.'

* * *

Thinking about that inexhaustibly interesting subject, the Establishment, it occurred to me that one of its most ingenious safety devices is the Tame Man. In almost every walk of life there are one or more of them who, while having plausible non-conformist credentials, can be relied on when required to uphold the Establishment case. Retired trade union officials and judges are particularly effective as Tame Men; of suitable dons there is no lack; provincial editors fit the part to perfection, though the farther north they are the better. Lancashire, Yorkshire and Scottish editors are always 'sturdy' and 'independent', and tend to keep this reputation because no one farther south ever sees their newspapers to note how little they deserve it. The Establishment ought to conduct special courses in Tamemanship. But, of course, it does – non-stop, at Broadcasting House.

I wonder if others share the painful embarrassment I feel at the fatuous expressions of collective self-esteem which accompany the publication of discoveries like Zeta. A French newspaper is quoted to the effect that this discovery has outdistanced the sputnik; a Scandinavian columnist is unearthed who has acclaimed Britain's lead over America, and so on. Sir John Cockcroft, who presumably had something to do with the discovery, showed no tendency to take such an attitude when he was questioned on television, first by Wolf Mankowitz, and then in Press Conference. He was charmingly diffident about the whole thing, and refused to interest himself in whether the Americans and Russians had got more from us or we from them in this field of research. What a pity it is that scientific work has got caught up in this cheap-jack rivalry, which has already ruined international sport. Were statements put out in Rome when the Sistine Chapel was finished that it far excelled anything of the kind attempted in Florence or Venice? When *Madame Bovary* was published, did French newspapers dredge through the foreign press to find admissions that it was a better novel than *Bleak House* or *Dead Souls*? I should suppose not.

* * *

On a Sunday evening, I was walking in rather a desolate mood along Shaftesbury Avenue when I heard a female voice behind me say irritably to her, presumably male, companion: 'What are you hurrying for? We're not going anywhere.' It seemed to me that she spoke for all mankind.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

The Blue Flag

"In this country every one of us belongs to the working class." (Harold Watkinson)

The Workers' Flag is truest blue
Like certain monkeys at the Zoo;
It's dyed in bluest blood, instead
Of common, proletarian red –

Then raise the blue print up aloft,
And gather grapes from Thorneycroft;
He's loyal still (though unemployed)
To Comrade Mac and Selwyn Lloyd.

Our fathers pressed towards the goal,
For generations on the Dole;
With gun and rod they did their best
To live on rent and interest.

When you rejoice in juicy crimes
We read the sad *Financial Times*,
And fear each day, when we awake,
Some Presidential belly-ache.

In spite of shares in Steel or Oil
A Comrade Lord must often toil;
To give the proles a Sunday treat
For half a crown he shows his Seat.

Our dowagers are far from drones
But can't keep up with Mrs Jones,
For butlers want enormous tips
When sent to fetch the fish and chips.

Our Debs behave like Ronald Searle's
Delightful, unpretentious girls –
It's strange to think the Favoured Few
Play all the time at being U!

Then up and up and on and on
We'll follow Comrade Watkinson –
We'll live to see investments rise
And die for Private Enterprise!

REGINALD REYNOLDS

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Even as I write I am regaled with a Press photograph of the Queen's First Minister pattering about an Indian temple in his socks, his lady wife, likewise unshod, at his side. This may be a good idea or it may not. As no less ardent and eminent a democrat than the late Earl Lloyd-George was moved to say not long before he died: 'In my day these people came to me.' – *Horse and Hound.* (P. Hunt.)

Miss Anita Nock, aged 19, who wanted to form an Angry Young Women's Association, has had only eight replies to her appeal for members, in spite of advertisements and a television appearance. Two of the replies are from men. – *Manchester Guardian*, (Patricia Parris.)

My wife is 18 and I am 20 . . . and we both wear complete sets of dentures. We believe that as you are almost certain to lose your teeth some time in your life, it is better to get it over when you are young and more adaptable to changes. *Are we the youngest married couple in Britain with false teeth?* – Letter in *Empire News*. (B. Bruckshaw.)

American organisation seeks peer to welcome American visitors at weekly cocktail parties in London. – Advt. in *The Times*. (A. Moore.)

Two Kinds of Communism

IT is worth while combining Poland and Czechoslovakia in a single trip, if only to see for oneself how utterly different two neighbouring Communist countries can be. Almost the only common factor which I discovered was the fear each feels of a German revival. It is this fear which keeps both governments members of the Warsaw Pact and makes even the Poles believe more ill of Adenauer and Nato than they do of the Soviet Union. Yet there is an important difference between the texture of anti-Germanism in the two countries. To the roots of their national being, the Poles are antagonistic to German ways of life and ways of thought: westerners by culture, their kinship is with France. The Czechs, on the other hand, though they are genuinely afraid of a German war of revenge, feel more cultural affinity with the Germans than with any of their Slav neighbours. Their civil service, their universities and schools, and their superb economic organisation are all Teutonic. In everything they do, they display a German level of literacy, a German thoroughness, as well as a German acceptance of official authority. Yet I feel that their nickname, 'The Prussians of central Europe', is misleading. For the efficiency and submissiveness which make them so German is shot through with the subtle humour of a conquered people. If the Czechs were Prussians how could the Good Soldier Schweik – the patron of all malingerers and deserters – be their national hero?

The two capitals – Warsaw, rising grim and gaunt out of total destruction, and Prague, with its shops full and its baroque churches untouched by war – are symbols of two national traditions, two ways in which a small nation in the middle of Europe can seek to survive. Warsaw fought on when victory was impossible, whereas Prague has been preserved by a series of prudent accommodations. The 1939 annexation, the 1945 liberation and the 1948 revolution – each crisis was weathered without any serious damage either to the architectural beauties of the capital or to the national economy. Who can say which ethic is right? Is it better to subject your country to destruction in the hope of ultimate independence or to preserve its material basis at the price of freedom? The Poles chose the first course and the Czechs the second.

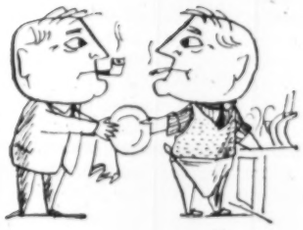
The western visitor can see the consequences and judge for himself which was the wiser decision. Today, Czechoslovakia is the showpiece of the Communist world, an economic machine which really delivers the consumer goods and which, therefore, has made no concession to liberalisation. What a contrast with Poland, poor, economically underdeveloped, semi-literate and incapable of efficient economic planning. Yet within the limits of possibility the Poles are still free men.

No wonder the two countries are growing ever farther apart. Eighteen months ago, when I was last in eastern Europe, Poland had begun its landslide to liberty. Then, and for many months afterwards, the Polish spirit was fed on freedom, and it was considered ill-mannered for the foreign visitor to inquire how economic chaos could be avoided if the big stick of centralised ruthlessness was to be laid aside and nothing put in its place. On this occasion, when I asked the question, there was a ready answer. Top planners, such as Oskar Lange, assured me that the new incentive is to be supplied by the creation of a free market in consumer goods. Already – apart from the wholesale appeasement of the peasants – there has been a good deal of economic liberalisation, including concessions to the small shopkeeper and the craftsman. Now the far greater venture is to be undertaken of permitting some consumer goods to be marketed at prices fixed by the laws of supply and demand.

I was assured this would not mean a return to capitalism: the Socialist economic framework would be preserved – including central planning and price-fixing for all producer goods. But a leading trade unionist, with whom I discussed Lange's ideas, was obviously afraid that a free market would mean a sharp rise in prices, which would set off another strike-wave that he could not control. He therefore insisted to me that the change could be introduced only after a sufficient reserve of the goods in question had been built up, and that might be several years ahead. But even this cautious trade unionist admitted the need for a return to a system in which one could discover 'what things really cost'. 'When we started,' he said to me 'we fixed ridiculously low prices for everything, from rent and tram tickets to motor cycles. The result is low productivity in the factories and a gigantic black market, where the real price has to be paid after all.' That is why, he concluded, we must follow the Yugoslav road, though much more cautiously.

From men who still claim to be Communists these seemed strange arguments until I remembered that Poland, like Yugoslavia, is a peasant economy which has abruptly abandoned forced collectivisation. So long as the peasants can be induced to produce only by this kind of appeasement, central regulation and planning of the kind previously attempted becomes impossible. Indeed, the surprising feature of the Polish proposals for a free market is their timidity. Why not a full-scale Leninist NEP or, at the very least, a programme of decentralisation as drastic as that of Yugoslavia? Listening to the Polish planners, I got the feeling that their half-hearted abandonment of central price fixing could get the worst of both worlds. May not the injection of a little

the things they say!



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free enterprise into a shaky Communist framework disintegrate it altogether?

In this the Czechoslovaks with whom I talked were in no doubt whatsoever. They told me that the Poles are inefficient and irresponsible. 'We should have been able to go farther and faster in dealing with the excesses of Stalinism,' one member of the government remarked to me, 'had it not been for the melodramatics of Warsaw and Budapest'. 'But you admit that wholesale nationalisation was one of the excesses?' His reply was characteristic. 'Maybe we were wrong to nationalise everything at the start, but it is too late to reverse the process. Every concession made now would produce a centre of social disorder.' 'But surely you are strong enough to allow a few small shopkeepers and artisans to start business again?' 'By no means. If we license one private plumber he will make a great deal of money, and then all the others will start complaining. That is why we have decided to go ahead and complete nationalisation by the end of 1960'.

The significance of this conversation is the sense of insecurity it revealed. True, people in Czechoslovakia are far better clothed, fed and housed, and their children far better schooled than in any other Communist country. True a vast scheme of industrialisation has been carried through, and there is now emerging a new class of managers and engineers, each regulating his little piece of the economic machine, according to the norms or book of the rules which the central government provides. I got a glimpse of this new managerial class when I spent one day at an agricultural co-operative and another down a coalmine. I liked what I saw very much indeed, and I want to see a lot more before I express an opinion on its qualities. But, whether it is good or bad it is watched over anxiously by the central government, which is constantly trying to stop speculation and corruption – particularly in small concerns – by inspections and stock-taking.

Indeed, the most striking contrast between Poland and Czechoslovakia is on this issue of confidence between government and people. The regime in Warsaw is far less stable than that in Prague. Yet it is the Poles that have liquidated the secret police and fearlessly reopened contacts with the West. Whereas I bought British newspapers every day in Warsaw, I found none in Prague, apart from a *Daily Worker* ten days old. Moreover, the nationalised publishing houses still treat western books with Stalinite severity. Although the Czechs are great mountaineers, Hunt's book on Mount Everest was forbidden until, months later, it received a favourable review in Moscow. It is not surprising, therefore, to learn that John Strachey's *Contemporary Capitalism* remains on the index. 'We have a copy,' the Rector of the University said to me, 'along with some 70 other books by modern western economists. In this way we cater for the needs of our specialists without endangering public morale.'

I believe that the Czechoslovak Communists could well afford to liberalise their system of thought-control now that economic conditions are improving so fast. What they should be afraid of is not the 'poison' of western thoughts, but the disconcerting double morality which seems to be endemic in their system. Private enterprise plumbing may be forbidden, but one of the results is that, in order to get their pipes mended, many people persuade the nationalised plumber to do the work 'black' at treble rates. I suspect that almost every economic activity has its grey or black penumbra which public opinion recognises as a legitimate form of illegality. The double standard of morality is indeed forced on the citizen by the impossibility of either earning enough legally or getting decisions quickly through the official channels of an immense, remote, bureaucracy which made me feel I was visiting Kafka's Castle.

The regime in Prague is not generous to Czechoslovakia's greatest sons. As I saw for myself, Thomas Masaryk's grave is now shamefully neglected, and I was told that Kafka's is no longer to be found. Yet the story of the anonymous K searching vainly through the corridors of the Castle for the final authority is something the present regime in Prague should study carefully. Their prosperous Communist state would be as uninhabitable as Kafka's Castle, if its citizens were not looking after themselves in the spirit of the Good Soldier Schweik, with his subtle resistance to authority and his ability to make a fool of any bureaucrat as soon as his back is turned.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

A National Serviceman's Postscript

As each new conscript came into the barrack room he smiled nervously round; those already in possession grinned cheerlessly back. Everyone – the avuncular aunts, the Joan Hunter Dunns, the man-to-man housemasters – claims that this is the worst moment. I am not sure that they are right; for the full horror of military life breaks through into consciousness only as the days unfold and knowledge increases. And in those carefully counted hours at the beginning we were fully, and fairly innocuously, occupied with being injected, inspected and indoctrinated. The last, I remember, was done by the depot commander – a man to whom no musical comedy, and not even Mr Peter Ustinov, has yet done justice. A heavy, ponderous figure with an incongruous high-pitched voice he talked of 'the Queen', 'this old country of ours', 'the honour of the regiment', 'the grand lot of chaps who have been through this depot before you', and last (but in a very different tone of voice) of the *Daily Mirror*. 'I want to assure you lads of one thing: we are not *Daily Mirror* conscious here. We have years of tradition behind us in this barracks, and there's only one place where you'll find that paper – in the latrines where it belongs. Right, carry on, Sergeant Major'.

But all that seems far away and long ago; and the much more recent memory is of the brisk, crisp little farewell interview with the C.O. of the battalion. At least it was brisk and crisp for most of the time, but at the end of our conversation – during which I had not perhaps expressed the normal satisfactory sentiments – there was an embarrassed pause, a crack in the mask and a sudden, almost pathetic 'You haven't hated it *too* much have you?'. He looked puzzled and perplexed, and added (almost to himself): 'I can't understand why you chaps don't settle down and make the best of it'.

It was fair comment; and the onus is clearly on those of us who failed to provide the requisite degree of enthusiasm to show why it was that we never took advantage of the advice so insistently given us on training areas and in lecture rooms 'to put our backs into it'. It wasn't even as if that advice came only from company commanders: the King George's Jubilee Trust, the *Daily Telegraph*, and the Duke of Edinburgh all say very much the same thing. It is in fact the harmonised, recorded tune of the barrel-organs of the establishment that most of us, whatever we may have thought about national service beforehand, look back upon it with a mixture of gratitude and pleasure. As the *Daily Telegraph* said last April, 'There is no doubt that many young men have enjoyed their national service and been vastly improved by it'.

It is interesting that the case should be put in this way; for this, of course, is precisely the battle-ground on which we – the recalcitrants and the Adullamites – would choose to fight. The memories of hours of boredom, organised fatuities, and deliberately inflicted discomforts can easily pass away as if they had never been; but what must remain is the scarring recollection of a system of values designed to teach each human being his place in the structure of society. If social progress in this country has been surprisingly slow over the past 12 years, then the taking of 140,000 young men a year into national service must bear part of the responsibility. After all, the point that its defenders never tire of making is concerned with the influence that it has on impressionable youth – on the way it keeps young men out of the milk bars and off the raspberry shakes; and it would be astonishing indeed if the regular casting of whole generations into a thorough-going hierarchic mould left no impression. In fact, at regular two-year intervals since the war, the army has taught some to be aggressive and domineering, others to be obsequious and respectful. I can still hear a recently commissioned 18-year-old Etonian saying to me: 'Of course I believe in being easy with the chaps, but if any of them tries to give me any lip I chase him so hard to the guard-room that he doesn't know what's hit him'. It is some years now since Harold Laski wrote: 'Nothing is more striking than the way in which we train the sons of rich or well-born men to habits of authority, while the children of the poor are trained to habits of deference'. That this should still be triumphantly true today is in no small measure due to the military virtues that have been rigorously instilled into the post-war generation.

But this type of consideration perhaps belongs more to the social observer than to the recently demobbed national serviceman. And if, four weeks after coming out of the army, I was asked why it is that I can imagine few greater horrors than having to go back, I should quote the atmosphere of brutality that seemed to me to characterise all the army barracks that I knew. The pushing of one face into another, the verbal flaying of the clumsy, the ruthless persecution of the unfortunate – these have more in common with Buchenwald than with the Atlantic Charter; and it has always puzzled me how people like Sir John Wolfenden can expect to grow a crop of good democratic citizens on a soil of hatred, ridicule and invective. It was not so much the things that were done as the attitudes of mind which lay behind them. Every time I acted as defending officer in a court-martial I would afterwards be eagerly asked in the mess: 'What did he get?'. And when I gave the answer – which might be as much as a year's detention for nine days' absence – I would hear some such reaction as 'Bloody good, I'm glad they hit him hard – the only sort of language he'll understand'. That attitude smacks not so much of feudalism as of Fascism. And the fact that the Queen looks down on the rock-buns in the Naafi does not really operate as any form of moral alchemy.

It was the same on a much more personal, and insignificant, plane with the occasional articles that have periodically appeared in this journal under the pen-name of National Serviceman.

A short time ago a major in my regiment, who was not serving with the battalion, convinced himself that he had established the identity of their author. His reaction was, I think, significant. It was to storm up and down the ante-room of the regimental depot and proclaim to anyone who would listen: 'By God if that fellow comes here, I'll stamp on his toes, I'll smash his fingers, I'll make him wish he'd never been born'. That sort of reflex represents the aggrandisement of brutality. And it is largely because of it – and the way it permeates military discipline – that I do not think I could ever be reconciled to army life as it is lived at the moment.

In fact the most powerful indictment of our present army that I know is contained in an essay by Tom Stacey in an otherwise undistinguished book entitled *Called Up*. That essay is concerned almost exclusively with three examples symbolising the personal brutality of barrack life; and it ends with the sentence: 'The considered hatred which I still retain for the army which I saw will stay with me until I or others have changed it, or at least until it is openly shown me that it cannot carry out its important duties in a manner which does not so affront humanity'. From my own experience seven years later I would not alter a single word of that.

ANTHONY HOWARD

Race Relations

SOME of us (I used to explain) were not meant to be martyrs or revolutionaries. And, even in South Africa (I would argue) it was all right for us to live our non-political lives, cultivating our own gardens and appeasing our Apartheid consciences by making sure that our personal relations were true and honest. That was often difficult. I used to think I had an excellent personal relationship with Mr M'Pulo, a fellow student at Witwatersrand University. We often sat in the university canteen discussing modern poetry. 'But Mr M'Pulo,' I would say, taking an absurd pride in that emphasised 'Mr' and then listening with perhaps too much attention to the carefully phrased platitudes he liked to utter about T. S. Eliot.

Then one night Mr M'Pulo was arrested for not having the proper pass. He could have got a pass exemption, but he refused to apply for one because he felt that the whole thing was a plot to cut off the intellectuals from the mass of the African people. 'We must rise with the people, not above them,' he would say impressively, as if he had just thought of the phrase himself.

It was a trivial offence and Mr M'Pulo was fined a few shillings and released after a night in prison. But while he was in prison the police beat him up. The police normally treat their African prisoners roughly, and they are usually particularly hard on the 'cheeky' ones – that is, those who are well-dressed, speak with an educated accent and do not cringe and say 'Yes, baas' often enough.

Mr M'Pulo came back to the modern English literature classes with a large bruise – black and dull beneath his shiny brown skin – around his right eye. He had also lost two teeth. After that it was difficult to discuss Eliot in the tea room. And what else could one say to Mr M'Pulo? 'I am sorry' was obviously totally inadequate. We still used to smile at each other in the tea room, but he took to sitting in a different corner, passionately talking to some Indian medical students.

At home things were easier. There we had

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Maggie M'Ketsu, a large and beautiful Xosa lady who had cared for us for a long time and was deeply loved by the family. It was an affection strong enough to survive police interference in this case. We were out the day the police came. They barged straight to the back of the house and into Maggie's room, which they searched, overturning the pictures of her children, throwing her Bible into one corner, stripping her bed and scattering her clothes out of her wardrobe. Someone in the district, the police told us later, had been brewing *skokiaan*, an illegal and poisonous liquor, and they were trying to find out who it was.

We protested, of course. The whole thing was ludicrous. Maggie was a pillar of the church. Her views on morals coincided exactly with Queen Victoria's and she would no more brew *skokiaan* than would the Archbishop of Canterbury. Maggie said very little about the hurt and humiliation to herself; it was not her way to complain. But she did feel that the police should have asked our permission before coming on to our property. She spoke long and indignantly about this. And she was right. Our protests finally led us to a senior officer who explained that the police actually had no right to enter the room or to search it. If we brought an action, we might win some small damages; but he did not advise us to try.

The real crisis for me came during Maggie's holiday. Every year she went for a month to the Transkei to stay with her children, always leaving in floods of tears after much pumping up and down of hands. 'You must get fat, Kenny,' were her regular farewell words to me. And from the Transkei we would always get one letter, signed movingly, 'Yours servant, Maggie Mackenzie.'

Each year Maggie would arrange for some member of her church to come and do for us in her absence. This year it was a dignified, extremely intelligent woman who liked to be called Ann—'Not Annie or Anna,' she said. She was a proud woman and an excellent worker. It was partly on our recommendation that at the end of the month she got a job with a Jewish family down the road.

A week later Ann came back to our house. Her new mistress had, it seemed, sacked her in a fit of temper for being 'cheeky'. (I think it was the 'Ann, not Annie or Anna' which threw her.) Ann was hardened to rudeness, but she came to ask our help because injustice had been added to insult in that she had not been paid any wages.

I took her to the local Ministry of Labour offices. There we found an Afrikaans clerk, a young man with a charming shy grin and a Cape accent like General Smuts. He treated both of us respectfully and took down all the particulars. Then he telephoned the woman and in an admirably official voice explained that she was obliged to pay Ann one week's wages for the week she worked and a month's wages in lieu of notice. And while he interrupted the woman's complaints in this stern, threatening voice, he allowed his shy grin to wink, as it were, at us. Even Ann was forced to smile back at him.

I drove Ann to her former employer's house and waited outside while she collected her money. Then I said goodbye to her and went back to thank the young Afrikaaner. I was feeling pleased. This was it. Afrikaans, English and African working together with dignity and goodwill, and the personal relations doing fine.

The young clerk brushed away my thanks. His grin faded and an aggrieved look came into his eyes. He turned to me as a fellow-conspirator, as one who understands these things.

'These Jews,' he said. 'They'd try to get away with anything.'

KENNETH MACKENZIE

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The Arts and Entertainment

Art Schools and Vital Statistics

IN June last year a special correspondent in *The Times* argued that since painting has become so subjective in its values there is no longer any point in teaching it in art schools. Thus those who have used art as a means of exploiting their own egocentric fantasies have undermined its very foundations. The same correspondent then went on to argue that examinations in art are also useless. They often are—but the writer's reasons were strange. Here is one of them:

> If the standard for life drawing was resemblance to the model (which today, presumably, it is not), this might supply some means of grading the productions of candidates: but even then the task of the examiners would be difficult, unless arrangements could be made to assess the entries in the presence of the model.

Couldn't she just send her vital statistics? But seriously, and indeed tragically, between fashionable nihilism and bureaucratic ignorance of the kind demonstrated above, the possibility of teaching art seriously becomes slimmer and slimmer: the latest reduction of the possibility being the Ministry of Education's plan, announced in July 1956, to close one quarter of the 170 or so art schools in the country.

A large number of reasons have, of course, been given to justify this cut. Sir David Eccles has referred to the maintenance of high standards. But the detailed Ministry Survey that preceded the new policy remains secret and unobtainable. We have only the 1955 White Paper to tell us generally that this is a process of 'rationalisation' with the aim of 'gearing art' to industry, weeding out the 'amateurs' from the professionals, and slightly reducing the national number of art students which is considered to be too high.

Now, no one can pretend that our system of art education is particularly successful. It is even probably true that there are too many art students and too many art schools. A process of rationalisation might be welcomed. But only if it derived from an understanding of the two simple, basic problems involved in teaching art today: how to develop in the student the ability to study nature when no generally accepted approach to such a study exists, so that each artist has to choose his own tradition; and how to develop an integrity that can withstand all the demands for novelty that our commercial society insists upon.

There is no evidence that the present policy-makers are even aware that these two problems exist. If they were, they would realise, first, that many serious artists have been reduced to the status of amateurs, and, secondly, that if one wants a high standard of industrial design the designers have got to be geared not to industry but to a rational school of æsthetics created by Fine Artists.

And so the cuts remain simply cuts. The arts are sacrificed for sputniks—despite the clear fact that the Russians succeed because they do not have a fragmented culture. The competition for entry into art schools will become stiffer: 'amateur' studies will be neglected; and 'rationalisation' will come to mean commercial streamlining. All concerned with the arts should therefore protest at these closures—and readers might well inquire about the fate of their local art school. Let us be clear, however, about what we wish to defend. It is not the *status quo*. All the threatened and un-threatened schools could be much better than they are. But all of them are places where there is a possibility of serious teaching taking place. The Ministry's new policy is going to reduce those possibilities: it is not reform, it is retrenchment.

Such is the background to the much publicised affair of the Chelsea School of Art. Following Ministry directives, the LCC plans to reduce the number of London art schools from twelve (in 1939) to six. The Borough school has already been closed. Woolwich and the Sir John Cass School are to cease their full-time courses. And now Chelsea is to be amalgamated with the Regent Street School.

Chelsea objects to this plan on the grounds that it will destroy its particular tradition of teaching; along with the Slade, it is certainly the most mature painting school in London. Regent Street objects because it believes in the advantages of a truly polytechnic establishment; it is a department of the Regent Street Polytechnic, whose governors, unlike those of Chelsea Polytechnic, refused the chance of becoming a College of Advanced Technology for exactly the same reason.

If the LCC goes ahead with the present plan, their record, however good their motives, will be a disastrous one as far as Fine Arts teaching is

concerned. They have already partially withdrawn support from the Camberwell School of Sculpture which is the best sculpture school in the country, and now they are in danger of sacrificing the only essential but rare equipment an art school needs – a tradition of teaching.

If, however, the LCC listens to those who have first-hand experience of the issues involved, they can turn the present dispute to real credit. To accommodate the proposed amalgamated school they have agreed to put up a new building in Chelsea, costing just under £200,000. This will presumably be the most up-to-date, best laid-out, art school in the country. If the old Chelsea school moves into the new building there is a good chance that it may also become a place where students can learn art.

JOHN BERGER

Ups and Downs

DMITRI SHOSTAKOVICH, for thirty years Russia's leading composer, remains as baffling a phenomenon as ever. We cannot tell how far the extreme inequality of his work results from a violent division within his artistic nature, and how far it is the inevitable consequence, within an autocratic society, of the sharply alternating praise and denunciation to which he has been continually subjected by the Soviet authorities. The ups and downs of his artistic career have usually run parallel to, even if they have not always coincided with, the ups and downs of his official career.

There have been three periods during which Shostakovich has been able to work at his best. The first period began with the brilliant First Symphony which he wrote as a student and lasted (though not without some symphonic fumbling) until the production, ten years later, of his opera, *A Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk* (1934). As is well known, *Lady Macbeth* was instantly greeted as a masterpiece and frequently performed; then suddenly denounced two years later for every kind of deviationist crime, and dropped from the repertory. After this blow, the composer lost his way for a bit, but recovered to write two Symphonies (5 and 6) which contain some of his most eloquent music, as well as a Piano Quintet which is perhaps the most finished of all his works. The War drew from him two very long 'monumental' Symphonies (7 and 8), of which No. 7, the 'Leningrad', attained everywhere a great topical success, but is now almost forgotten. After the brisk but rather trivial Ninth Symphony, it suddenly seemed as though Shostakovich had at last found the true path when his large, original and truly impressive Tenth Symphony (1953) was followed by a lyrically beautiful Violin Concerto (1955).

Now, with the Eleventh Symphony, we are right back again – not at the beginning but, so to speak, in Leningrad. It was produced in Moscow last October, and the BBC enterprisingly secured the rights of its first performance outside Russia, an event which duly took place last week in the Festival Hall under the effective direction of Sir Malcolm Sargent. It is sad that enterprise should have been so meagrely rewarded. The new Symphony may perhaps enjoy the temporary vogue of the Leningrad, but it is hard to believe that anyone will want to hear it often, for in material and treatment it is as trite and cheap as the Tenth was distinguished and profound. It is a reversion to the monumental and heroic type of Soviet symphony, with a programme loosely based on the Russian uprising of 1905. Four movements, each lasting about a quarter of an hour, depict successively 'The Palace Square', 'The Ninth of January', 'Eternal Memory' and 'The Alarm'.

The weakness of the music is not, of course, a consequence of the programme; it is a consequence of the composer's superficial reaction, in terms of music, to the ideas he has chosen to portray. Very similar ideas inspired Beethoven to a masterpiece in the *Egmont* music. What is disturbing about the new symphony is the extreme obviousness of the scheme at every point, the poverty of the thematic material apart from one or two attractive Russian folk songs, and the relentless length at which this material is set forth and developed. Of development in the sense of an unfolding symphonic design there is little; each of the movements is essentially static, with the same thing happening again and again, always with the same result. At the beginning, chains of open fifths depict a state of ominous calm; there are distant trumpet calls and drum rolls, and the flutes charm us for a while by singing a nostalgic folk-tune which starts like the Quartet in *Rigoletto*. The second movement is all drums and hurry-scurry string triplets finally worked up to a shattering climax, after which – it is almost a solitary stroke of aural imagination – very soft and mysterious string trills bring the movement to an end. A sort of funeral march follows, mostly in two parts, sounding bare rather than austere; and the symphony ends with a noisy finale which seemed no more than an unusually prolonged rabble-rouser. I look forward to reassuring myself of the composer's genius when that remarkable musician, Constantin Silvestri, conducts the LPO in his Tenth Symphony on Monday next.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

February

Seldom nowadays does anyone call a boy 'a young turk' and another ancient calumny would thus seem to be on its way out. The *Terrible* Turk, however, is quite another matter. This was a gentleman named Madrali, whose right to the adjective was fairly established by the devastating skill with which he locked, scissored, chancery'd and threw his opponents in the wrestling ring. One wonders what would have been the outcome, could he have been matched with that most famous wrestler of ancient times, Milo of Croton. But some 25 centuries separate the two and the speculation is idle. More profitable is it to remember that, if ever you find yourself wrestling with some intractable problem of business or finance, the Midland Bank will gladly come to your rescue—which is more than anyone ever did for the opponents of the Terrible Turk.

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Preview

As the Christmas specialities fade away, the London theatre is about to erupt into a sudden flowering as spectacular and almost as unexpected as that which blazes in the last minutes of the current play at the Haymarket. By the time these words are in print three highly interesting productions will already have been staged. First, the Arts Theatre are boldly taking on a marathon O'Neill, *The Iceman Cometh*. This, one of his late plays, is likely to be an endurance test for performers and audiences alike. It is of a Wagnerian length; performances will begin at 6.30 each night, and one of the intervals will allow 40 minutes for supper. Then, at the Comedy, the New Watergate Theatre Club are this week presenting Tennessee Williams's *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* which needs, I take it, no more advertisement than it has already had. But I might remind prospective patrons that the homosexual thread in it has brought it under the ban of our dear old Victorian censor and that they will have to pay an extra 5s. (the subscription to the New Watergate Theatre Club) for the privilege of being shocked.

The third play in this week is *A Touch of the Sun* by N. C. Hunter, who wrote *Waters of the Moon* and *A Day by the Sea*. The strong cast is headed by Michael Redgrave and Diana Wynyard and Ronald Squire. But there is another warning here. Mr. Redgrave will be going to the Stratford company for the new season in the spring. Indeed our leading actors seem to be going in for the short run nowadays and those who hope to see Sir John Gielgud in Graham Greene's *The Potting Shed* should book now, for Sir John leaves the cast of this in May to play Wolsey for the first time in the Old Vic's *Henry VIII* (in which Edith Evans is to appear as Katharine and Harry Andrews as the King). *The Potting Shed* opens at the Globe next week, and Mr Graham Greene has written a new third act since Sybil Thorndike and Sir Lewis Casson presented it successfully in New York. The week after Paul Rogers is to play Lear at the Old Vic.

There are other excitements to look forward to this spring. The Lunts are reappearing among us in what I gather to be a Grand Guignol kind of play translated from the German. Miss Vivien Leigh and Miss Claire Bloom are going to be seen in Giraudoux's *Pour Lucrèce* translated by Christopher Fry. While a new manager, Michael Codron, is to organise an interesting season at the Lyric, Hammersmith, starting with a seldom done Ibsen, *Little Eyolf*. There is a new John Cranko piece, a musical entitled *Keep Your Hair On*, promised for March. The English Stage Company at the Royal Court are to stage the early John Osborne, *Death of George Dillon*, in which he collaborated with Anthony Creighton. This starts on 11 February and is then to be run in repertory with the winner of the 3rd prize in the *Observer* competition, Anne Jellicoe's *The Sport of My Mad Mother*.

Stratford, which opens this year on 8 April, offers a, to me, particularly tempting programme. Miss Googie Withers, one of my favourite actresses whom it is much too long since I saw, is to play Beatrice opposite Mr Redgrave's Benedick in *Much Ado*: Mr Redgrave is to play Hamlet: Miss Dorothy Tutin opens the season as Juliet opposite Mr Richard Johnson's Romeo and, remembering Miss Tutin's recent Hedwig in *The Wild Duck*, I feel she is the one young actress capable of carrying off one of the most difficult of all female dramatic roles. The season is to end – if officialdom will co-operate – with Paul Robeson appearing in *Pericles*.

This, which is only a selection of what we are promised in the coming months, will I hope whet readers' appetities for what looks strangely like a revival of the theatre.

T. C. Worsley

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Antidote to Apathy?

The effect of television on politics is still hard to assess. Since 1955, when many people thought (wrongly, as it turned out) that the General Election result might be influenced decisively by television speeches and personalities, television has become a much more pervasive factor in the lives of the British people. It is well known that the readers of mass-circulation newspapers do not necessarily vote as their papers urge them to (though their electoral attitudes are often conditioned by 'slanted' news and headlines); but what of this more intimate, intrusive medium?

I am less afraid of its influence on the voters, as voters, than some people are. The BBC is, of course, a main organ of the Establishment (indeed, it sometimes seems to think of itself as, like Tennyson's Milton, the 'God-gifted organ-voice of England'); ITV is a creature of capitalism, dominated by commercial values.

Yet there are two points of hope. One is that television is the only medium of opinion which is under a statutory obligation to be fair politically – fair, that is, in domestic party politics. No newspaper is without bias: television has to try to be.

Secondly, the word most used by party organisers, as a kind of incantatory excuse for every flop, is 'apathy'. Well, despite all the opiate slush put over on both channels, it can hardly be maintained that, *as a result of television*, the electors will be more indifferent to politics at the next General Election than they are said to be now. It seems to me slightly more likely that the contrary will be the case. Quite apart from the regular 'party political broadcasts' (whose definition, on TV as well as sound, is that they are programmes, arranged by agreement, for whose content the parties themselves are responsible), a surprisingly large number of directly or broadly political programmes are now seen by at any rate substantial minorities of viewers. *Panorama* (at its best), *This Week*, *Press Conference*, *Youth Wants to Know*, *Under Fire* (when not too rowdy), Alan Taylor's lectures, and several other programmes are all sometimes, in the broader sense, politically educative; and such directly political programmes as *Free Speech* and *Tell the People* (in which, last Sunday, Robin Day's interview with Hugh Gaitskell was in complete, and on the whole pleasing, contrast to the Butler interview described here last week) must surely quicken some awareness.

I think, however, that the *Daily Mirror* is wrong when, applauding this development, it seems to assume that local political meetings are out for good, and that every elector in future will vote as a viewer. Electors do not vote solely for the national leaders and policy of a party: they vote also for a candidate, who in most cases will not have been on TV. The influence of television on politics would be dangerous if it were markedly a centralising influence and if it did not, by stimulating general interest, help to refill local halls.

The Rochdale by-election makes an interesting test case (though not necessarily a precedent for the General Election). The Liberal candidate, Mr Ludovic Kennedy, is a popular newscaster: will his 'glamour' compensate for his political inexperience? If the reputedly 'hard-headed' Rochdale voters find that it does, the future for non-telegenic politicians may look grim. Before applying in despair for the Chiltern Hundreds, the MP who is not conventionally good-looking may, however, comfort himself by recalling that, on TV, the face with character, however uncouth, will beat the merely couth and charming every time.

I have been writing of domestic politics only. In international politics the BBC – piqued, perhaps, by all the publicity for ITV's film of the USSR – seems determined to keep the Cold War going. Why else, at this moment, should last Monday's *Panorama* have opened with an interview with a deserter from the Red Army, to whom Mr Dimbleby deferred almost as if he had been a duke? This was a shocking lapse – and puzzling, for the interview seemed to me to have no intrinsic interest to justify it. The deserter did not even profess an ideological attachment to the West; he did not say, 'I chose freedom'. He seemed merely to have got fed up with the conditions of army life; in which he is not unique. He wanted to fight with all his strength against Communism; but not in any army. He did indeed say that he had been talking to people with pre-revolutionary memories: apparently he thought that the way of life of Tsarist Russia would have been congenial to him, and that he would find a similar way of life in modern Britain. Why should he have been granted political asylum here? Wouldn't he be happier in Spain or Portugal? Why, in any case, boost him?

I can, indeed, give but a general impression of this interview, for at first I was only half-attending to it – rather as one skims the pages of a gutter newspaper, sees some propagandist rubbish headed 'I was Khrushchev's mistress', and thinks 'No, I needn't read that'. Then I sat up with a

start: 'But this is *Panorama*'. It was a mischievous and deplorable episode.

The most enjoyable political education of the week was in Alan Taylor's lecture on China: he summed up as 'British imperialism at its most constructive' the quaint coincidence that the Lord Elgin who looted the Summer Palace was a son of the Lord Elgin who looted the Parthenon.

TOM DRIBERG

Frank Harris Goes West

IT is exceedingly odd that anyone, wanting to inject a touch of realism into Westerns, should have gone to Frank Harris for it. That supreme liar – a modern Psalmanazar – had of course been a cowboy, in the days when cowboys *were* cowboys, just as he had eaten off gold plate at Osborne and found Ruskin setting light to some dirty Turners in his possession. A housemaid turning him down would set him describing the conquest of a duchess. Did he ever get on a horse, even to fall off? Perhaps he thought of doing so; at any rate, his *On the Trail* retailed his cowboy adventures, which I'm sorry to say I haven't read. But I have just seen *Cowboy* (Odeon), acknowledging a debt to him, and coming out well above average.

Needless to say, with such an origin, the realism doesn't scorch. We are *told* that the horse is a crass, necessary animal; but when horses come on the scene they are the same quick beauties as ever. The long-horned cattle are even more romantic than usual, especially slithering in a dust through some mountain cleft, or loosed to stampede Indians. But these cowboys do buy and sell, transport by train, take death as it comes, and leave one who has got himself into trouble with the Mexicans to his fate. Moreover, in this traditionally rich fare, there are gritty moments with breaking the horses in, and a bull fight which consists in ringing the bull's horn on foot. Westerns are as conventionalised as the Elizabethan love sonnet, and *Cowboy* manages all the graces, with a new epithet or two. Its weakness is a mechanical boisterousness which, in the Seventies setting, spoils beginning and end. It is no surprise that Frank Harris (Jack Lemmon), the hotel clerk turned cowboy, should raise doubts in the matter of tough education. His mentor (Glenn Ford), who eventually goes soft, is far more convincing. The real Harris, by the way, who could always start being a genius, but didn't know how to go on, was obviously born before his time: he should have been a Hollywood producer, to knock spots off the DeMilles and Todds. Not for nothing did he wear high heels.

Those who 'collect' Miss Neagle – she is, after all, the most institutional thing in British films – will be glad to know that in *The Man Who Wouldn't Talk* she plays a modern Portia. Admirable is her decorum as she takes up the cudgels for an unattached American scientist who, really the possessor of international secrets, seems to have bumped off a blonde floozie; nothing so brisk, selfless, and peerless can ever have come his way before. However, having learnt on the Victoria District platform that the human race is threatened with myxomatosis, he is well acclimatised. Miss Neagle's QC, while not up to her Hospital Matron or her Queen Victoria, quietly satisfies. One hopes that her Nell Gwynne – a restitution badly needed – will not be long delayed.

On Monday, in the International Season at the Everyman, will be shown *Rekava*. This film from Ceylon, the first apparently to work from the belief that film-making starts at home, portrays village life, was shot on location, uses non-actors, ran short of money and equipment, and despite some meandering never loses its authenticity and charm. The minstrel on stilts with a monkey followed by children under a large sky makes a fine opening for a village chronicle; children's games, fishing, a marriage, a healing, pilfering, praying for rain, a marionette show, a death, and a cremation fulfil the chronicle; but also there is the interruption of a more dramatised incident: a boy, with supposed healing powers, exploited by a couple of cheapjacks with tragic consequences. This is the first film of Lester Peries, and very likeable. An accompanying documentary, *Rivers of Time*, deluges glimpses of the Tigris and the Euphrates with a lush commentary; but for its display of Sumerian sculpture one forgives everything.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Rumanian National Dance and Music Company at the Prince's

Those gaggles of girls from Russia, Yugoslavia and Bulgaria, appearing in London periodically with milkmaid complexions and Herculean strength, with plaits bobbing against embroidered bosoms and big bottoms heaving beneath the layered petticoats, have always distilled an unsophisticated sense of fun that suits the basic simplicity of folk dancing. This kind of national dancing has no need of stage conventions. And the young ladies of *Giulesti*, the Rumanian dance company, with their orange, urban make-up, their glossy, tart smiles and uncertain style of movement, create a false impression, far removed from mountains and fields and much nearer a Palladium chorus. Even with the rougher whooping young men, galloping in and out, the rustic atmosphere is missing. The gypsy orchestra is the more intriguing part of this entertainment. It is made up of an odd emotional little band of men, whose unpolished individuality stands equal if not superior to the instruments they play.

A. F.

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Correspondence

THE PROBLEM OF CYPRUS

SIR,—Would de-militarisation help to solve the problems of Cyprus? If the Turks were thinking primarily of the interests of its Moslem population, John Freeman's persuasive article in your issue of last week would cure them of their faith in partition. But it may be the strategic argument that weighs with them; they see danger to their ports on the mainland from Greek sovereignty over the island. The simplest way to banish that fear would be to provide, before the act of self-determination for the de-militarisation of Cyprus, whatever nationality its inhabitants may choose. The word should be so defined as to permit a small lightly-armed force, for police duties, while forbidding the use of arms for military purposes on land, sea or in the air. I understand that our experts now set small value on the island as a base; in any event, the less we think of our role in the Middle East in military terms the better. The great powers, including Russia, should guarantee the observance of de-militarisation.

Conceivably the island might serve the United Nations forces in the Gaza strip as a base and sanatorium. Their presence would give confidence to the Moslem minority.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

Amersham

SIR,—I read Mr Freeman's excellent article on the present situation in Cyprus, with great interest. As a Turkish Cypriot, I strongly object to any form of partition, which has been a senseless slogan among some Turks in Cyprus during recent months. As Mr Freeman points out, partition is impossible (repeat, *impossible*) either geographically or through a transfer of either community from one zone to the other. It is very sad to see the relations between the Turks and the Greeks strained to the point of groundless hostility. Even when Turkey was at war with Greece, such a situation did not exist in Cyprus. I have good reasons, through personal experience, to believe that many Turks in Cyprus have been on extremely good terms with their Greek neighbours. I do not attempt to blame anyone for having inspired partition as an easy way out—that wouldn't help. But whoever has done it must now realise the grave responsibility of giving the Turks the exact definition of the word partition.

As the hooligans in Limassol showed last Saturday, the point of partition is far from being political to them, but simply an abstract axis around which they could shout to the auxiliary policemen, who wanted to disperse them, 'You are Turks, too. Let us alone'. This simple patriotic appeal may prove to be the key to the psychological mood prevailing among them.

It can clearly be seen that in this sort of harangue there is no logical equilibrium and it is a great pity to witness the lethargic attitude of the Turkish leaders who must come to reason and denounce partition. If only they (and the Greeks, too) could see the real solution in self-government—a Cyprus where only Cypriots would live without the prefixes of Turkish- and Greek-.

TIMOTHY TANBAY

London, NW

PRESS INTRUSION

SIR,—*A propos* of Francis Williams' article on the misdemeanours of journalists: as one who, as a young crime-reporter, resigned from a newspaper because the news-editor insisted that I must intrude on private grief in a murder case, I naturally agree with him. But I hope that the reaction against 'intrusion' will not go too far. 'Grief', yes and always, but 'privacy' is relative to the public interest and persistence is a virtue, not a vice, in journalists.

I can recall circumstances in which, in the present mood, I might have been reported to the Press Council. One was the the case of Lord Rutherford in 1932. I had asked him to co-operate in explaining the nucleus of the atom. He turned me down flat, saying that my 'penny-a-timers' (as distinct from The Top People) could never understand. Reverting to my crime-reporting techniques, I made a nuisance of myself. I ensconsed myself on his doorstep at the Cavendish, like a beggar displaying his sores at the city gate, until Rutherford, in exasperation, agreed to see me and get rid of me. He told me in no uncertain terms what he thought of me and my breed and then was persuaded, reluctantly, to discuss the atom. The interview did not go too badly and the resulting article was, as he later admitted, acceptable.

That was less important than the fortuitous circumstance that at the end of the talk he said, unexpectedly, 'And do you want to see how it is done?' He took me to a lecture-room which had been converted into a laboratory, and there was Cockcroft and Walton and their first 'atom-smasher'.

Last week, 500 journalists from the world's press assembled at Harwell to see the secrets of Zeta unveiled, and were shown how Britain began it all and how the first fusion took place at the Cavendish Laboratory. A photograph was thrown on the screen in Cockcroft Hall. It showed E. T. S. Walton in a kind of sugar-crate watching the atoms scintillating. That picture was taken by Woodbine, of the *Daily Herald*, who, in crime-reporting tradition and with no sense of any tryst with history, had remained hidden in a street doorway until I 'softened-up' Rutherford. As I say, 'privacy' is relative and it does not always serve the interests of the 'victim' of the public, or of history, to take 'No' for an answer.

RITCHIE CALDER

THE CASE AGAINST THE ETU

SIR,—As a former trades council president and trade union branch secretary, I was rather surprised that your excellent paper found room for such a long and boring article by Mr Woodrow Wyatt on what is, after all, an internal dispute in the Electrical Trades Union.

While it appears to me that the Communists on the ETU Executive have 'pulled a fast one', it is no worse than some of the witch-hunting tactics adopted by right-wing Labourites in other unions, whereby Communists are debarred from holding official positions and various organisations are proscribed because there happen to be Communists working in them. The ETU members who were foolish enough to appear on television with their backs to the audience and speaking with distorted voices and indulging in other melodramatic stunts at the behest of Mr Wyatt, have done considerable harm to the trade union movement. It would be interesting to find out what is Mr Wyatt's trade union record and what are his qualifications for setting the trade union house in order.

The fact is that Conservatives, Liberals, Socialists and Roman Catholics all hold 'fraction meetings' and decide what their policy is to be in the trade unions. Admittedly, the Communists are more efficient than the others, but this is because they have enthusiasm and believe in their policy (as Mr Cadogan stated in his letter). While it is extremely difficult to keep political matters out of trade union questions (the Roman Catholics being more a political than a religious organisation), it is when the union branch becomes the battling ground of warring political factions that it is time to call a halt. The prime object of a union is the economic standards of its members; and the member's first loyalty is to his union and not to any political party. I have had to choose and I know.

My advice to ETU members is to study the position objectively, ignore Mr Wyatt's demagogy and, if they are dissatisfied with the activities of Mr Foulkes or Mr Haxall *in all respects*, wait until the next ballot and vote accordingly. Resolutions of no confidence in the Executive, which has presumably been elected in the constitutional manner, get nowhere and do nothing except obtain some undesirable publicity in the anti-trade union press. Remember, too, that the 'Sparks' wages are higher than most sections of workers, and this may have been due to the activities of Messrs. Foulkes, Haxall and the late W. C. Stevens—the members know more about that side than I do. Also, does it really matter whether Mr Fraser or Mr Cannon is elected? Would the ETU be a stronger union without its present Communist officials, or would the membership be so concerned with fighting among themselves that their own conditions would suffer?

These are the questions the average ETU member should think over and make up his own mind about. Finally, I am trying to think who are the biggest bunglers in this sorry business—the fanatical, rigid Communist fanatics amongst the leadership or those simpletons who have been blabbing about their trade union business to any newshound or TV personality out for a story.

R. H. GOODWIN

36 Wateville Road, N17

JEWS IN THE USSR

SIR,—January 1958 is the tenth anniversary of the murder in a street in Minsk of Solomon Mikhoéls, the celebrated Soviet Yiddish actor-producer. During these ten years Soviet Jews have suffered experiences ranging from the naked terror of Stalinism to the suspicion and discrimination which they have to endure to this day.

It might well be asked what useful purpose can possibly be served by bringing up this matter at a time when reasonable people everywhere are preoccupied with the absolute necessity of reaching an understanding with Russia. The answer, I suggest, is that it can be very useful. In the West, one of the principal obstacles to a settlement with Russia is the lack of confidence in the sincerity and goodwill of Soviet leadership. Surely if Mr Khruschev and his colleagues made a generous and human gesture by alleviating the situation of Soviet Jews, possibly by allowing a revival of Yiddish culture, or permitting Russian Jews who wish to do so to go to Israel, it would have a powerfully reassuring effect.

Mikhoéls was the most important theatrical figure produced by the dynamic Soviet Yiddish theatre, and headed the Moscow State Yiddish Theatre, which earned international renown for its traditions of acting and producing. Mikhoéls was an Honoured Artist of the Soviet Union who, in his long and distinguished career, had been accorded official praise and great public recognition. He was the chairman of the Stalin Prize Theatrical Committee and immediately after the war was sent abroad to enlist sympathy and support for the Soviet Union among the Jewish communities in the west. In Russia itself he was probably the most outstanding symbol of Yiddish cultural existence.

The circumstances of his death were mysterious. He was visiting Minsk in his official capacity in order to award the Stalin Prize to a member of the Bielorussian State Theatre. On 13 January 1948 an official car called at his hotel to take him to visit an important local functionary, who is believed to have been the Communist Party secretary. The following morning he and the driver were found murdered in the snow on the outskirts of the city. Mikhoéls' skull was battered. It was then officially announced that he had been murdered by hooligans. But this is a curious version, as it is known that the two murdered men had not been robbed. What is, however, certain, is that his death provided the signal for Stalin's all-out offensive against Yiddish culture. Within a matter of months every single Yiddish theatre, publishing-house, magazine, newspaper, etc., was closed down. Every single Yiddish writer of note, together with thousands of the so-called Yiddish 'cultural workers', was arrested. Although, immediately after his death, Mikhoéls was accorded the usual funeral eulogies, it was not long before his name was being more cynically exploited. In the notorious Doctors' Plot Mikhoéls was produced as the central sinister figure in the drama in which he was described (*Pravda*, 13 January 1953) as 'the well-known nationalist bourgeois Jew Mikhoéls' who, together with the Moscow doctor Shimliavitch, was given the directive 'to destroy the top cadres of the

Company Meeting

STEWARTS AND LLOYDS LIMITED

'STATE OWNERSHIP' A STEP TOWARDS TOTALITARIAN GOVERNMENT

SHAREHOLDERS OVERWHELMINGLY SUPPORT BOARD'S PROPOSED CAMPAIGN

MR A. G. STEWART ON COMPANY'S FIGHT AGAINST NATIONALISATION

The 68th annual general meeting of Stewarts and Lloyds, Limited, was held on 28 January in the Merchants' Hall, 30 George Square, Glasgow.

The Chairman, Mr A. G. Stewart, presided and said:

Ladies and Gentlemen,—It gives me much pleasure to address this, the 68th Annual General Meeting of the Company.

After the Auditors' Report had been read the Chairman continued: A copy of the Directors' Report was contained in the copy of the Accounts sent to each shareholder. For the first time a Statement by me has also been included with the Accounts. This, of course, largely takes the place of a speech and I assume you will take all these as read. (Agreed.)

In my Statement under the heading of Finance I mentioned that application had been made to the Capital Issues Committee to enable us to borrow from our Bankers. Authority to borrow up to £10,000,000 was granted on the 13th of January, for the Treasury's usual period of six months. The question of financing part of our future expenditure by raising permanent capital in one form or another is very much in mind but I cannot overemphasise the extent to which the threat of nationalisation complicates this matter.

The six weeks that have elapsed since the issue of the Report and Accounts have provided no evidence of an improvement in the demand for tubes overall. Indeed, in export markets there has been a general decline in requirements. The short-time working at some of our tube works, to which I referred in my Statement, continues. We have succeeded up till now in taking up part of the slack by selling steel in semi-finished form, but production both of iron and of some qualities of steel has had to be slightly curtailed. I have nothing further to add as to trading prospects in the immediate future.

I am now going to propose the resolution to adopt the Report and Accounts. If you have any questions arising out of the Accounts or what I said in my Statement other than about nationalisation, would you ask these questions immediately after the resolution has been proposed and seconded, but please would you reserve any questions about nationalisation until we reach item 5 on the agenda, that is, the Special Business or the Resolution on Nationalisation.

The Report and Accounts having been adopted, the dividend and the usual resolutions approved, the Chairman continued: I now turn to the Resolution about State ownership referred to in item 5 of the Notice of the Meeting. I assume that all of you will have read what I said in my Statement on the subject of nationalisation. We are legally advised that the Directors have every right to resist nationalisation. It is, however, the Board's policy to invite the shareholders to support the Board in matters of such major principle and it is for this reason that the Resolution is submitted.

This statement received a lot of publicity. It is our intention, with your support today, to see that the public is fully informed so that it may make up its mind on the subject. My Board and I have received a great deal of encouragement from many sources in the action that we have taken.

THREE PARTICULAR QUESTIONS ANSWERED

There are three particular questions which have been asked and I think should be answered right away.

The first question is—What steps do we in fact propose to take to counter nationalisation?

The answer to this is that we shall endeavour to present our case in whatever manner seems from time to time to be most effective. If we are going to fight a battle, surely it is questionable tactics to disclose our plan of campaign at this stage.

I think, however, that I might take this opportunity of repeating what I said in the BBC programme 'At Home and Abroad' earlier this month, that it is not in any way our intention to attack the Labour Party. All we are fighting against is the policy of nationalisation and we hope by provoking argument and discussion to convince not only the supporters of the Labour Party, but those who frame its policy, that nationalisation is both unnecessary and bad.

As I said last year,

'Why should any Government, with all its many responsibilities, wish to add one further, extraneous, responsibility—one which in my view Government is not equipped to carry and which would lead to the establishment of a huge, bureaucratic machine? This would seem to be just one further step towards Totalitarian Government to which the country, at the moment, seems to be almost unanimously opposed.'

A LONG STRIDE TOWARDS COMMUNISM

Some of you may have thought then that my reference to a step towards Totalitarian Government was an exaggeration. But surely there is now no doubt at all that nationalisation of steel and other industries would mean a long stride towards the establishment of Communism in Great Britain. Everyone in this country should bear that danger in mind most earnestly.

The *Daily Worker* recently commented on this prospect with considerable self-satisfaction. That paper referred to a statement by the chairman of another company that nationalisation is 'the beginning of Communism and logically in time it would convert our country into a State as completely Communist as Russia and other Eastern States which are either already Communist or going that way.'

The *Daily Worker* said: 'I wouldn't deny one word of that. What worries me is the speed at which time, here in Britain, is slipping underneath our feet.'

The second question is—Are we supported in our view by other steelmakers?

The answer to this is 'yes', most certainly! Although we appeared to take the initiative in the matter, it should be appreciated that it so happened that mine was the first Statement to be published. I should say that we have received a large measure of support not only from other steelmakers but from many other industries which are not connected with the steel industry.

The third question is—What do we expect the campaign will cost the Company?

The answer is that I just cannot tell you. All I can say is that the cost will not be excessive and I feel sure you will agree that it will be money well spent.

THE PROXY POSITION

Before the Resolution is proposed and seconded I should let you know what proxies have been lodged. We have at the present time 18,700 shareholders. It is the general experience that a large percentage of shareholders do not, for one reason or another, complete proxy forms. It does, however, seem remarkable to me that only 20 shareholders have lodged proxies against the Resolution. Of these we know that some, whilst utterly opposed to nationalisation, feel that we are mistaken in spending money on this campaign. This surely is a matter of opinion. 8,157 shareholders have lodged proxies in my favour in favour of the Resolution. The actual number of potential votes covered by these proxies is: 11,793,921 FOR the Resolution and 8,465 AGAINST.

Perhaps I should add that on 27th January—that is, a day late—a further 68 proxies were received, all in favour of the Resolution and representing 214,836 votes. Taking the recent bad weather and postal delays into account, it can, therefore, be said that 8,225 shareholders wished to cast 12,008,757 votes in favour of the Resolution. This is surely a remarkable declaration.

The following Resolution was then submitted to the Meeting:—

> The Ordinary Shareholders of Stewarts and Lloyds, Limited, being of the firm belief that nationalisation of the Iron and Steel Industry in Great Britain would do harm to the Company, its employees and its customers, confirm the power of the Board of Directors to take, and approve the Board of Directors taking, such steps as they consider necessary or desirable to counter such nationalisation.

The Resolution was carried unanimously and the business terminated with a vote of thanks to the Chairman and the Board for their efforts to preserve British industry from State control.

Soviet Union'. He was, of course, later rehabilitated.

There would, perhaps, be little point in recalling these disagreeable details if the present Soviet rulers had, in fact, taken steps to reinstate Yiddish culture and so make amends for the crimes of Stalin. But, despite their protestations to the contrary, this has not been done. In a country in which every nationality—including the gypsies—is encouraged to have its own representative theatre, the Yiddish theatre is still silenced, although there are some three million Jews in the Soviet Union. Not a single Yiddish book has been published in the Soviet Union since 1948, and there is no functioning Yiddish press—except for a meagre news-sheet in Birobidjan. Also, Jews suffer discrimination in employment and education, are kept under strict surveillance for signs of 'Jewish nationalism'—for which they can be severely punished—and are denied the opportunity to join their families who are settled in Israel.

E. LITVINOFF

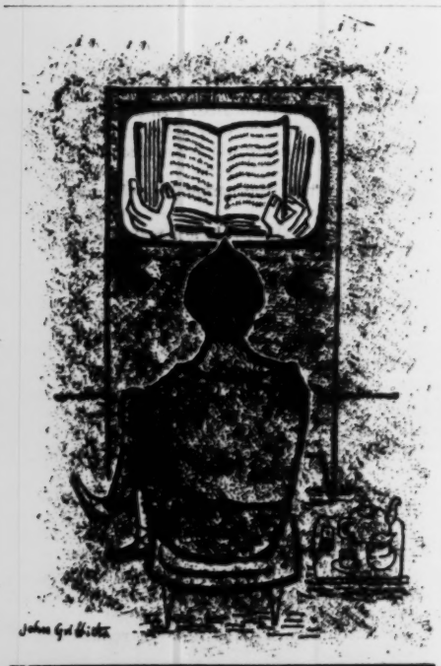
World Jewish Congress
55 New Cavendish Street, W1

HOMELESS FAMILIES

SIR,—Your editorial footnote to my letter of 25 January only serves to illustrate that the whole discussion began and has continued with far too little of the essential common ground which mutual knowledge and understanding of the Council's arrangements and endeavours would have provided. For my part it remains a matter of sincere regret that there is still no sign of Mrs Harvey or yourself being willing to meet and discuss the matter with those concerned at County Hall and Newington Lodge. The invitation to do this will always be open.

I. J. HAYWARD
Leader of the London County Council
The County Hall, SE1

[Audrey Harvey writes: Before writing my original article I visited, on my own initiative and in my free time, three of the LCC's welfare homes. At Southern Grove Lodge I was granted interviews with the warden and two admitting officers. At Luxborough Lodge I had a brief word with the warden. At Newington Lodge, while waiting to see the warden, I was invited by a member of the staff to see the accommodation occupied by homeless families. I spent over an hour there noting physical conditions, checking information, and discussing problems with members of the staff. Afterwards I rechecked a number of points by telephone. I have been most reluctant to disclose this. Indeed one of my reasons for declining the LCC's subsequent invitations to discuss the matter was that I feared to get my fellow social workers into trouble; for it had become clear that they had not disclosed my visit to the chief welfare officer and, therefore, perhaps should not have admitted me. After my article was published, I visited a fourth welfare home—one of the old 'half-way houses'.—ED., *NS*.]



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SOUTH AFRICAN TREASON TRIAL

SIR,—We urgently appeal on behalf of the Defence and Aid Fund established by Christian Action in connection with the arrest in South Africa, in December 1956, of 156 leading opponents of Apartheid on charges of treason. The purposes of the Fund are to provide for the best possible legal defence of the accused—they are on trial for their lives—to aid their families and dependants, and to help to keep the conscience of the world alive to the issues at stake.

The trial has already lasted for more than a year—even the Preliminary Hearings are not yet completed. 61 of the accused (selected from the 156, it would seem, without rhyme or reason, in the same senseless way as the 156 were originally chosen for arrest) were released a month ago with no compensation. This makes an immediate and urgent call upon the Fund for their rehabilitation after a year away from their homes and places of employment. And for the 95 remaining on trial costs for defence grow heavier and heavier as the case drags on. But it is the desperate plight of the families and dependents of the accused which must compel the maximum contribution to the Fund from every imaginative citizen of these islands. Material hardships, separations among families—including mothers from young children—loss of employment, inability to pay hire purchase instalments and rents, interrupted studies, broken homes, wrecked hopes: these and other cruel difficulties are the lot of everyone involved in this wicked trial.

This trial in South Africa is very much our concern. For not only does the policy of Apartheid show a shocking disregard for Christian and liberal principles in human relationships; but also with these South African opponents of Apartheid on trial, democracy and free speech the whole world over are on trial. The South African government accuses of treason those who claim the freedom to speak out in public their belief that the Charter of Human Rights ought to be applicable to all men regardless of their colour, creed or race. Here, then, by giving our support to the Defence and Aid Fund, is an opportunity for doing something practical in defence of those principles for which we stand.

We have raised in Britain approximately £40,000—including the special gift sent by the Labour Party to the South African Labour Party for the Fund in Johannesburg. But we are advised from South Africa that a total of £150,000 in all will be required. Will you please send your maximum contribution (cheques payable to Christian Action) to The Secretary, S.A. Defence & Aid Fund, 2 Amen Court, London, EC4.

L. JOHN COLLINS
MORGAN PHILLIPS

ACTION PAINTING

SIR,—John Berger has seen fit to use the present exhibition at the ICA as a peg on which to hang his criticisms of, on the one hand, the techniques of the Action painter, and on the other, the theories of the painters themselves and of their spokesmen.

Mr Berger states that 'as works of art Action paintings are meaningless'. He is, of course, quite entitled to believe this if he wants to but he should at least provide some reasons to substantiate it. Certainly, he says that the Action painter 'is neither concerned with images as the visual expression of ideas' (like Picasso) 'nor with the canvas as a separate, purely abstract object in itself' (like Mondrian). All this tells us little.

Because Mr Berger sees the function of Action painting solely as the illustration of the actions by which the pigment was put on to the canvas, he therefore assumes that for these actions to be as 'exciting' as possible the painter must resort to violent methods and court the accidental. A good many non-Action painters have used violent methods and a good many more have courted the accidental, facts which Mr Berger has either forgotten or chooses to disregard.

Of the three Action painters in this exhibition (Mr Berger thinks there are four and calls them abstract expressionists, presumably to prove his point about interchangeability of terms) only one of them, Green, uses violent methods; the other two employ almost conventional means. Coviello, it is true, drips his paint on to the canvas but he does it with such consummate taste and control that to call it violent is pointless and misleading.

The complaint implied in the rest of Mr Berger's criticism—that Action painting and its theories constitute an attack upon culture—are based on nothing firmer than his own limited view of what is cultural and what is not. He also appears to place some intrinsic value on the part of experience from which a painter receives his stimulus to work, as though certain kinds of experiences are 'pictorially' more valuable or cultural than others. If Mr Berger believes this then we are talking different languages.

ROGER COLEMAN
4 Ladbroke Gardens, W11

'REBIRTH OF PRIDE'

SIR,—Answers to criticisms are tedious, but Mr Muir's criticism of *The Rebirth of Pride* is misleading and cannot be left unanswered. The book is an attempt to face, in poetry, the world we now live in; poetry a scientist might read with the bitter enjoyment of recognition. Instead of escaping into the walled garden of archetypes and personal sensibility, a poet should, I felt, try to join these again to the world of nebula, the bomb and the suburb. Ambitious, of course; and anyone who tries to enlarge the subject-matter of poetry must expect to be told that the result is not poetry. But 'wishful thinking'? No.

JONATHAN GRIFFIN
12 Markham Street, SW3

POLITICIANS' MASKS

SIR,—Why does Vicky (with all the other cartoonists) always depict Mr Macmillan with a grievously harassed, almost panic-stricken expression, when in fact his demeanour on public occasions is always marked by a serene and unvarying cheerfulness! There is no such mystery concerning other leading figures. General Eisenhower's face is, with some point, if little kindness, given an amiable vacuity; that of Mr Dulles a myopic and mulish incomprehension; and Mr. Krushchev's—but it is impossible to caricature Mr Krushchev.

Is it that Vicky and the rest think that in our present discontents the Prime Minister *ought* to look like this, full of alarm and despondency? The only other explanation I can think of may apply to some draughtsmen, but Vicky certainly cannot be supposed to bear any resemblance to the young lady of Rio—who essayed to play Haydn's Grand Trio, but her skill was so scanty she played it *andante* when it should be *allegro con brio*.

GEORGE W. LYTTELTON
Finndale House
Woodbridge

[For an essay in *allegro con brio* the reader is referred to Vicky's cartoon on page 5 of this issue.—ED., *NS*.]

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Decline of Spain

WHY do empires decline? What caused the decay of Rome or Islam? We do not know. Perhaps we are short of evidence, or at least of the right kind of evidence: we cannot feel the pulse or take the temperature of those remote ages. Then what caused the decay of Spain in the seventeenth century, a century as familiar to us as any of which we have record, the century of Galileo and Descartes, Bacon and Pascal, the century in which our civilisation was born? If we could answer that question, perhaps we could approach the answer to those others, more difficult still.

Seventeenth-century Spain is vivid and clear to us in a hundred details. We see its grave external pomp in the punctilio of its court and state, the majestic portraits of Velázquez, the rotten fabric behind that pomp in the contemptuous reports of foreigners. We see its introspection and doubt in that twisted baroque style, its spiritual feebleness in the dogmatic coprophily of Escobar, the milksop angels of Murillo. What a change from the sixteenth century, that century of heroic conquests, brilliant feats of arms, inspired Christian crusades! In the 1580s Philip II had dominated the world. His fleets had covered the seas: the wealth of East and West Indies had been his, and with twelve Spanish galleons and 8,000 men he could (said an enthusiastic bishop) have swiped the Chinese Empire too. In Europe he had ruled Italy and Portugal, driven back the Turks, stood fast in Flanders, penetrated the Baltic, and but for that detestable heretic Queen Elizabeth could (said the ablest of Spanish ambassadors) 'have kept the rebel provinces and made himself King of France too, or at least split it up into great fiefs, obedient to him'. And then came Philip III and, in the sharp words of Quevedo, 'in a few years his Majesty was stripped of the best part of his great father's inheritance'. For twenty years the court of Spain was given over to the delights of peace and ostentatious consumption: masques and balls, processions and receptions, mock triumphs and *autos-da-fé*. Then, when the great challenge was renewed, the colossus was found to be hollow. Behind the solemn masks of power – the pasty, bigoted face of Philip IV and the puffy, scowling face of the Count-Duke of Olivares – we see only emptiness and dust. It is Spain, not France, that nearly falls apart into great fiefs, obedient to Louis XIV. Spain, the country of incredible activity, has become a huge political corpse, famous only for passivity: passive in politics, governed by an Austrian queen, an Austrian Jesuit, jerked into postures of action by Austrians and Flemings, Dutch and English; passive in economy, its mines worked by Germans, its trade carried by Dutchmen, its finances managed by Genoese and Jews; passive even in religion: the great Spanish apostles are succeeded only by the prophet of Catholic quietism, Miguel de Molinos, and a spreading rash of indolent, mendicant, parasitic monks – those monks whose 'brainless ecstatic faces' glare emptily from the dingy canvasses of Zurbarán.

What was the cause of this astonishing change? Historians assemble the evidence. They tell us, as contemporaries told their contemporaries, of the disastrous consequences of latifundia and mortmain, primogeniture and entail, *hidalguía* – the pursuit of titles and contempt for work – and *empleomania* – the pursuit of office by a 'clerical proletariat'. Some of them add also emigration to America, the pressure of the Inquisition, the expulsion of the diligent Moriscos, the privileges of the *Mesta*, that great corporation of aristocratic sheepmasters whose migrant flocks devoured the agriculture of Spain, and (in Mr Tawney's phrase) 'an incapacity for economic affairs which seemed almost inspired'. When all these facts are added together, can we wonder, they ask, that at the end of the century Spain was a lifeless, depopulated country whose natives lived either by sponging on the vast patronage of the crown, the aristocracy and the church, or not at all?

And yet we ask, when we see these facts laid before us in this useful new book by the late Mr Trevor Davies*, are they really causes or only symptoms? And if causes, are they necessary, determining causes? For do we not find many of them in seventeenth-century England too? The reign of Philip III in Spain, when the crucial change occurred, was the reign of James I in England; and how similar they are! Did King Philip reject his father's crusades, dwell on the pleasures of peace, and give his subjects a royal example of conspicuous waste? What then of King James with his lavish building, his perpetual feasts and masques and tilts and pageants? The age of Lope de Vega was also the age of Ben Jonson and Inigo Jones. Primogeniture and entail caused poverty among English gentry as well as among Spanish *hidalgos*, and the pursuit of office was their remedy too, a remedy so obvious that more resorted to it than could profit by it. In the same years in which Navarrete and so many other Spaniards deplored the over-production of scholars in Spain, Bacon in England was warning his fellow-subjects of the danger to society 'when more are bred scholars than preferments can take off'. Another answer to that problem was also the same in England as in Spain. The disappointed Spanish *hidalgo*, the starving Spanish peasant, went out to seek his fortune in the earthly paradise of New Spain; the disappointed English gentleman, the starving English artisan, went out to seek his in the 'howling wilderness' of New England.

Thus by the 1620s the supposed causes of Spanish decadence are clear in England too. Why then did England 'rise' while Spain 'declined'? Did something special occur in England to break the fatal process, some miracle, some 'bourgeois revolution'? What then of France, which had no such revolution and which yet 'rose' with England? Richelieu in France complained of the same obstacles to progress which historians have found fatal in Spain: a privileged aristocracy, disdain for work, the pursuit and cost and heredity of offices, the pullulation of graduates, the 'clerical proletariat'. And yet in spite of this France rose to the great age of Louis XIV and the Enlightenment. Altogether we are forced to admit that all the great European monarchies, in the early seventeenth century, laboured under the same, or similar, social burdens; that some, in spite of those burdens, somehow learned the way to prosper; and that Spain, outwardly the greatest of all powers, somehow did not, but slowly crumbled under their weight.

It was not for lack of warning that it crumbled. We are unjust if we do not recognise that Spain, at that time, produced thinkers and economists no less profound than those of France or England. Nor was the Catholic Church necessarily an enemy of progress. Just as the monetary theorists of the sixteenth century had been clergymen of Salamanca, so, in the seventeenth, Navarrete was a canon of Toledo, and it was a Spanish Jesuit who wrote a 'whig' treatise on *The Advantages of Honest Toil*. The views of English mercantilists and French Colbertists were precociously advanced by that devout Catholic, Count Gondomar, and the *dévot* King Philip IV sought again and again, like any English whig, to reduce the wealth and numbers of the unproductive clergy. And yet, whereas the English and French mercantilists succeeded, the Spanish failed. They could not leaven the old lump of clerical, aristocratic society. They were crushed by its dead weight, as their successors, too, have been crushed, again and again.

How can we account for this feebleness of the Spanish bourgeoisie, its inability to permeate and transform Spanish society? Are we to look, with Señor Américo Castro, for a special Spanish 'vital structure', formed, apart from Europe, in a dark medieval crucible, out of the ferment of Christian, Moor and Jew? No doubt we must recognise this special inheritance of the Spanish mind. But even Spain, like other countries, however private their inheritance, is subject to the general laws of social change, and perhaps we can find some more general reason. After all, it was not only Spain which declined in the seventeenth century. Mediterranean Italy, Oceanic Portugal shared that fate; and in each, as the bourgeoisie declined with the loss to England and Holland of its foreign trade, the old landed aristocracy and the Church closed over it and smothered it. The decline of Mediterranean Catalonia was no doubt related to the decline of Venice and Genoa, Florence and Rome, Messina and Ragusa. But what of the decline of Castile – of Toledo and Granada, Burgos and Medina del Campo, Seville and Cádiz?

To study the decline of a society we must study its rise also, and the rise of Spain was linked, in the sixteenth century, with two great accidents: the conquest of one empire overseas and the inheritance of another at home. In the early sixteenth century, Spain had a small but flourishing merchant bourgeoisie, and if there had been no European empire, no Oceanic empire, who knows but that bourgeoisie might have slowly triumphed over the old society, transforming and enriching the country? But

* *Spain in Decline 1621-1700*. By R. TREVOR DAVIES. *Macmillan*. 25s.

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alas, a windfall empire can be fatal to economic effort. Like the Romans, the Arabs and the Turks, the Spaniards suddenly found themselves masters of a whole world and left its economic life to be run by others. The Spanish military aristocracy and the Spanish clergy, whose way of life had been fixed in the long crusade against the Moors, received a new vitality from the wealth of the New World, and like Arab sheikhs, suddenly enriched by huge royalties from oil, they expanded without changing their former habits. America provided the funds, Europe the theatre for their traditional sport. At every point the old ruling classes were strengthened. The military latifundia of Castile were extended to Mexico. Aristocratic viceroys, like the Roman Verres, rifled the art of Italy for their palaces. Even the expulsion of the Moriscos, which was partly aimed at their aristocratic landlords, was turned ultimately to their advantage. Beneath the old aristocratic crust, thus thickened, the young bourgeoisie of Spain wilted and shrank. In its stead, the conquerors summoned to their aid experts from more developed lands. In the east the Romans, Arabs and Turks had used Greeks, Syrians and Armenians; further west, the Spaniards used Italians, Germans, Flemings; and all in turn depended on those homeless, universal merchants, the Jews.

But what if the essential windfall should run out: if it should be absorbed in the new continent which produced it, or tapped at its source, or on its way, by the experts who mined and carried it? Already in the sixteenth century, far-seeing Italian observers had looked forward to such a crisis. In the seventeenth it came. By mid-century the refreshing stream of American silver no longer came to Seville, could no longer sustain the archaic society of Spain, no longer finance the great wars of Europe; and that top-heavy crust, so long strengthened and solidified, sank down, with all its new weight, upon the dwindling, enfeebled, native bourgeoisie. Like an old-fashioned gentleman, who has never learned to work because his antique way of life has been sustained by regular remittances from abroad, and who suddenly, in old age, finds those remittances cut off, the Spanish monarchy found itself, in the age of Louis XIV, suddenly impoverished and too old to change. Moreover, this economic disaster coincided with military and political disasters which further paralysed the will to change. Spain had invested too heavily in empire, and in the social consequences of empire, and now, in the ruins of empire, did not know where to turn. So all the brave projects of the earlier years were buried. They were *novedades*, novelties – a word hateful to the ear of a good Christian of Castile. Inadjustable, Spain drew back into the old protective forms of the past. The books were burned, the monasteries multiplied, the king gave up his mistresses and embarked on a long correspondence with a nun. The centres of consumption grew, of production shrank; Court and Church flourished, field and farm were abandoned, the looms of Toledo and Granada were still. Such were the long-term consequences of too sudden wealth, the hang-over of too sudden empire. In a great century of progress, the greatest of European powers missed the bus.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

Raftery's Reward

All my days of singing have this reward:
That I love a young girl who loves not me
Or my singing or my songs or anything about me.
All my days of singing have this reward:
That I asked her for the bread and wine of herself
And she gave me the stone of refusal.

Useless it were to upbraid or reproach her,
And how should I hate her, so young and beautiful?
Ah, if she would but take back her cold refusal
Love would be more than a mirage of water for my thirst,
And on my burning head more than a dream of shade,
Which – though it exists – exists in a dimension other than mine.

Yet since I have found her though I never may have her
Let me sing for her and be her songwriter, her poet.
Let me cut her name on trees and paint her naked and clothed;
Be her sculptor, and model statues of her to outlast Time.
Labouring thus in her praise through the fall of my years
Though my name be anonymous, hers shall glow on the page.

If any man has a thing to say to me, let him say it now.
To be in middle-age and in love is to hang suspended
As between Heaven and Hell, between the upper and lower bars.
All my days of singing have this reward:
Toil and moil that the seed of poetry may grow
Though the seed of love be prevented.

EWART MILNE

Hospital for Defectives

By your unnumbered charities,
A miracle disclose,
Lord of the Images, whose love,
The eyelid and the rose,
Takes for a language, and today
Tell to me what is said
By these men in the turnip field
And their unleavened bread.

For all things seem to figure out
The stirrings of your heart;
And two men pick the turnips up
And two men pull the cart;
And yet between the four of them
No word is ever said,
Because the yeast was not put in
Which makes the human bread.
But three men stare on vacancy,
And one man strokes his knees;
What is the language that you speak
Through such dark vowels as these?

Lord of the Images, whose love,
The eyelid and the rose,
Takes for a metaphor, today,
Beneath the warder's blows,
The unleavened man did not cry out,
Or turn his face away;
Through such men in a turnip field
What is it that you say?

THOMAS BLACKBURN

Symbolic Equations

W. B. Yeats and Tradition. By F. A. C. WILSON. *Gollancz.* 25*s.*

There can be no question of the interest and importance of Mr Wilson's book. He is, as far as I know, the first person to write on Yeats's poetry out of a full sympathy with what he, following Yeats, calls 'heterodox mysticism'. To him Yeats's system of thought is not something grotesque, wilful and eccentric; it is an individual version of the 'perennial philosophy' which Mr Wilson in his preface declares that he himself lives by. Mr Wilson has the advantage that any co-believer has of knowing, by a natural sympathy, the obvious texts to refer to. Again and again he produces a passage from Plato, Plotinus or Porphyry which, when produced, is obviously the 'right' passage, in that it immediately makes clear the phrase which had seemed obscure. His work here is beyond praise and has the stamp of real authority. We can only express gratitude for his guidance in these obscure paths.

Having said this, I have to confess that, although reading Mr Wilson's book has helped me enormously in reading Yeats for myself, I quarrel with virtually all his interpretations of the five plays and seven poems he discusses and, more fundamentally, with his way of reading poetry. Yeats was deeply read in philosophy; but he was not a philosopher. He had had visionary experiences, but I am doubtful whether he should with any propriety be called a mystic. He sat loose to every movement with which he was concerned and many other things beside his concern with Platonic tradition fed his poetry. It is an abuse of terms to call his poetry 'didactic'. He remained to the end a supreme lyric poet and a dramatist whose dramas are, with a few exceptions, mainly remarkable as matrices for great lyrics. Mr Wilson concentrates exclusively on the philosophic element and relegates everything else in the poem to being merely the 'setting' or the 'decoration' of the essential philosophic theme. Thus the Irishness of *The Herne's Egg* is spoken of as a setting which Yeats chose for his play, as if he might just as well have set it in ancient India or medieval Italy; and in discusing 'Byzantium', Mr Wilson dismisses the 'night-walkers' song' and 'perhaps the "soldiery" too' as 'largely decoration to prevent the argument from seeming excessively abstract'. This makes Yeats in one of his greatest poems the disciple of Pooh-Bah. Mr Wilson regards 'meaning' as something which can be 'separated out' of a poem by the method of discovering general and abstract equivalents of its symbols.

Mr Wilson makes his own position clear in the preface. Yeats's symbolism is, he declares, not 'fluid', but 'fixed and constant'.

> The reader who understands the symbol in one context should be able to understand it in all contexts, and to demonstrate that this is so is part of the purpose of my book.

Thus, because Yeats took the words 'honey of generation' from Porphyry's 'Cave of the Nymphs' where 'honey-bees' means 'the souls of the just', Mr Wilson declares that we are justified in interpreting 'The Stare's Nest at my Window' by the same source, and that in the cry

> O honey-bees,
> Come build in the empty house of the stare

we are to take 'honey-bees' as the 'souls of the just' and see Yeats as 'praying for the return of justice to an Ireland ravaged by civil war'. Why on earth should we? Yeats had read Homer, Virgil, Milton and Swift as well as Porphyry; more important, he had seen bees at work and tasted honey; more

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HODDER AND STOUGHTON

important still, the context makes the notion of 'just souls' totally irrelevant. This comment is a typical example of insensitiveness to a poem's tone.

The over-riding desire to find rigid symbolic equations blinds Mr Wilson to what the poet has actually written. The word 'blood' has surely disappeared from sight in the following comment:

> Blind Rhadamanthus beckons him,
> But the Golden Race looks dim,
> Salt blood blocks his eyes.
> The contaminating salt of material concerns, flung up into his eyes from the sea, half blinds him to what he has perceived.

Similarly in 'News for the Delphic Oracle' the interpretation that Thetis is 'distracted by the commotion *beneath* her' is only made just possible by misquoting the lines

> Down the mountain walls
> From where Pan's cavern is
> Intolerable music falls –

although the word 'falls' should have been a warning that this disturbing music 'falls' from above, however symbolically improper this may be. More disastrous is the explanation of the exquisite encounter of Peleus and Thetis:

> Slim adolescence that a nymph has stripped
> Peleus on Thetis stares.
> Her limbs are delicate as an eyelid,
> Love has blinded him with tears;
> But Thetis' belly listens. . . .

These beautiful lines are concerned with ideal love which Yeats believed was only possible after death. . . . Thetis serves as a bridge between the two worlds: she is the object of Peleus' devotion, but she is also half in love with generation. . . . Her son Achilles is already conceived, and though she is by nature an inhabitant of heaven, her maternal instincts bind her to time.

Oh dear, how stuffy it all sounds! How can Mr Wilson thus destroy the beauty of the boy Peleus' ardent and reverent gaze on the nymph who is to bear the great Achilles, and the nymph's premonition of her destiny, by telling us, with no support from the text, that she is pregnant by him already.

Grateful as I am to Mr Wilson, I cannot feel he understands the poet who began this wonderful poem by calling his revered philosophers 'golden codgers', and gave it the title 'News for the Delphic Oracle' as if to warn us that the poet can tell the oracle, and the philosophers, a thing or two.

HELEN GARDNER

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COLLINS

The Danger of Unreason

Defence and the English-Speaking Role. By NORMAN ANGELL. *Pall Mall Press.* 10s. 6d.

Sir Norman Angell has been lecturing us all seriously, rationally, persuasively for more than half a century; if his voice shows the occasional exasperation of a schoolmaster with a class that is inattentive as well as stupid, that is our fault, not his. His first book, written under the impetus of the Dreyfus trial, appeared in 1903. It warned the liberal West of the dangers of irrationality. *The Great Illusion,* which made a sensational dent on the minds of a considerable group of thoughtful people, demonstrated a truth which has been abundantly confirmed – that war between great powers could not in the twentieth century be a paying proposition. If people misunderstood his thesis, that was partly because Angell has somehow failed to appeal to the springs of action. The nations did not go to war under the illusion that war would 'pay' in the economic sense; but because they lived in a state of economic and political anarchy, they inevitably drifted into war.

Sir Norman is still trying to persuade us to be sensible, and still, it seems to me, failing to delve deep enough into the reasons of our folly. He is perfectly right, for instance, when he argues in his new book, as he has done so often before, that the British Empire has not been anything as oppressive as hostile propagandists pretend; and it is perfectly true that to add to the number of independent sovereign states which are not, and cannot be, either really 'independent' or 'sovereign', and which may be just as oppressive and silly as the empires they have superseded, does not solve the problem of world organisation. But then since what people passionately desire is this illusion of national independence, better results are likely by trying to guide national sentiment into sensible channels than by harping on the superiority of the British as empire-builders.

Only in one chapter of his book does he appear to me wrong-headed. It is true that it is absurd that Nasser, who had for years wilfully maintained a state of war against Israel, should be built up as a defender against aggression. But the supreme folly of the West – a folly the disastrous consequences of which Sir Norman seems not remotely to have grasped – was to act in a way which enabled Nasser to pose and triumph in this heroic light. Sir Norman's main and unanswerable thesis is that we all deceive ourselves when we say that we want peace above everything; in fact we always put defence before peace. But he seems not adequately to realise that 'collective security' in the conditions of today seems to most of its most fervent advocates no longer to have much meaning. He agrees that if there is 'no defence' against the H-bomb – if, for instance, nuclear fall-out endangers the existence of mankind – then the case for pacifism would indeed be powerful. But he believes that we shall soon be in a world of 'clean bombs' which will count as 'conventional weapons'; in that case he thinks the problem of defence will be essentially unchanged. There is an important question of fact here; my scientific friends tell me that the 'clean H-bomb' is rubbish. But Angell is right in saying that the nuclear deterrent will cease to work if people believe that the genetic dangers of nuclear weapons have been overcome and that a defence against guided missiles has been discovered. Then indeed we shall be in danger of a war which will differ vastly in horror, but not greatly in essentials, from the kind of war that Angell has spent his honest and disinterested life in trying to prevent.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

To the North

The Icicle and the Sun. By WILLIAM SANSOM. *Hogarth.* 18s.

On the face of it, this is a rash act; how can there be anything fresh in a tourist's abstract or pattern-book of *all* the Scandinavian countries, which were not discovered last week? How can there be scope for anything fresh? Mr. Sansom did not choose his own form; three of his four chapters were commissioned by the American magazine *Holiday*. And they have the trademarks of their purpose: the want of elbow-room, the odour of obligation, the taboo on criticism, the huddled inventory of 'features', the guide-book phrase ('Fine eating can be enjoyed in such modern restaurants as Riche or La Ronde . . .'), the small cultural chestnut. (Gustav Vasa 'liberated the Swedes from Danish suzerainty'; Hans Andersen is H.C. in his homeland, and was not really a universal uncle to tiny tots). Which may be all right in a magazine article, but scarcely qualifies for reissue.

The author himself has a tourist's eye, and there is no sign that he could go deeper into the background. On language he is almost embarrassingly playful: *e.g.*, the fishing-boats of Norway gleam a dull yellow, 'like well-oiled cricket bats' – and 'heigh-ho,' the word is *båt*. (True, he seems a little ashamed of this.) On the other hand, his remarks on the people and their habits could surely have been much livelier, but for the law of Absolute Tact. I don't mean they would have been nasty; he is in any case a good-humoured writer, with a warm attitude to his fellows. But this account has practically no shade. Barring a hint that all is not well with the Swedish psyche – and 'informed sources' had said that years ago.

Still, what most people will go for is the descriptive writing. 'Colourful as a box of paints', says the blurb; and one may think, just the job for a specialist in description, whose tales are really settings-with-narrative. There is a catch in it, though; it turns out that a good many of these impressions have been used before, in *The Passionate North* and *Among the Dahlias*, where they were less crowded and more effective. Of the fresh bits (or I think they are fresh), those to remember longest are on flat-skiing in the low Finnish sun, and on the 'dying fall' of the Sognefjord. And he has supplemented the beauties with a great deal about good food. After all, the design is to attract one to Scandinavia; and I should say it would work (judging by the chapter on Finland, which is my blank spot), if one had plenty of money and could start immediately. But from Mr Sansom it is not good enough.

K. JOHN

Snopes on the March

The Town. By WILLIAM FAULKNER. *Chatto & Windus.* 16*s.*

The Hamlet. By WILLIAM FAULKNER. *Chatto & Windus.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr Faulkner's new novel, *The Town,* is the sequel to *The Hamlet,* which, first published in 1940, now appears simultaneously with it in a new edition. In *The Hamlet* Faulkner describes the infiltration out of nowhere into the gross rustic innocence of Frenchman's Bend, that sequestered poor-white corner of Yoknapatawpha County, Mississippi, of the Snopes family, and particularly the rise to power by petty usury and the art of the double-cross of Flem Snopes. By the end of the novel, Flem has been paid by Will Varner, the almost feudal landlord of Frenchman's Bend, to marry his daughter Eula in order to give her unborn child a name, and having by trickery acquired a half-interest in a Jefferson lunch-room, has taken himself off to the county seat. *The Town* records the conquest of Jefferson by this egregious outsider, whose nature is as unpleasant as his name; when we leave him, Flem has ousted the aristocratic Major de Spain, his wife's lover for eighteen years, from his position of authority in the town and has become president of the bank and a pillar of the church.

The Hamlet is the most sheerly delightful of Faulkner's novels. A bucolic comedy, it shows its author as the great humorous writer he is when he wants to be. It seems to spring naturally and effortlessly from the tradition of the Southern tall story – American scholars are already pinning down Faulkner's debt to Augustus Longstreet and the rest; but so skilfully is the folk comedy composed that we feel no incongruity between it and the Faulknerian poetry, the astonishing episode describing the idiot Ike Snopes's love for a cow, a scene only Faulkner could have conceived or got away with, or the extremely poignant account of Houston's grief for the death of his wife. And then there are the rustic characters, in particular V. K. Ratcliff, the itinerant sewing-machine salesman: to match them we must go to *Far from the Madding Crowd, The Woodlanders* and *The Return of the Native.*

The Hamlet is a masterpiece; but alas, Faulkner is unpredictable in his wilfulness. 'Genius without talent' is Edmund Wilson's verdict, yet it can't be as simple as that, for when the genius is working at full pressure the exhibition of sheer talent couldn't be more brilliant. In *The Town,* however, it could scarcely be more clumsy. The novel represents the Faulkner that infinitely smaller men have parodied and laughed off. In it, we are watching the overthrow of the aristocratic principle by the money-power: Flem Snopes is a rat, the symbol of everything Faulkner detests in modern society. But he has chosen to report Snopes's conquest of Jefferson not through one Marlow but through three, V. K. Ratcliff, the boy Chick Mallison, the hero of *Intruder in the Dust,* and his uncle the lawyer Gavin Stevens. In his recent novels, Faulkner has come to rely more and more on Stevens, never, it seems to me, with the happiest results. Stevens is the spokesman, the altogether too explicit spokesman, one can't help feeling, of Faulkner's values: he is, as it were, Faulkner without the genius. And by the time the Snopes saga has filtered to us through the consciousness of the three narrators, there seems little of significance left. Flem himself is diminished and so, especially, is Eula. In *The Hamlet* she appears convincingly, as a monstrous embodiment of the female principle, a fertility goddess; in *The Town* she isn't much more than a secret adulteress, and it is difficult to understand why Stevens should have been in love with her. By using a technique of triple narration Faulkner has produced something like a shadow-play. If only we had been shown the characters who throw the shadows!

The best things in *The Town* are those closest to the manner and matter of *The Hamlet.* The episode of Mrs Hait's mule is a splendid piece of comic writing; and the ending is wonderful: the arrival in town of four half-Indian Snopes children, unable to speak English and absolutely untamable. But for the most part, there is much too little of the wild Faulknerian poetry and the wild Faulknerian humour, much too much of the Faulknerian sound and fury, with the death-dealing words 'doom', 'fate', 'irredeemable', 'irretrievable', in full spate.

WALTER ALLEN

Amazonia

Wai-Wai. By NICHOLAS GUPPY. *Murray.* 28*s.*

The author of this book led a small botanical expedition into a little-known mountain and forest region on the borders of British Guiana and Brazil. If you look at the map, you will see that the area of Serra Acaria is well north of the Amazon above the stretch that lies between Belem and Manaos, and that the botanist was in the upper reaches of the Essequebo and Trombetas rivers, whose Windsor soup-coloured waters flow into the Amazon. The region is very little populated and hardly ever entered by explorers.

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HART-DAVIS

The tribes are (for those who follow these matters) the innocent Wai-Wai, the semi-civilised Wapisianas and the Frog Indians, happy but declining races, beautiful in body, given to love, hunting and abstract art, and now in the process of having their characters destroyed by American missionaries who, for vulgar fanaticism, ignorance, impudence, smugness and lack of spirituality, take some beating. Most travellers are polite about them, as Mr Guppy tries to be, for they are very pious, hospitable and helpful; but one shudders to think they are the tentacles of our advancing civilisation.

Mr Guppy's book is pleasantly written. It is of intimate interest to those who are piecing together the jig-saw of Amazonian discovery; and the region is, he says, of great importance to botanists. To the non-expert reader his interest is rather different. We go for the extraordinary natural sights: the skies darkened by the swarming flight of butterflies; the ground heaving under the panzer columns of marching ants, each an inch and a half long and disturbing when, like some sinister violinist, it stands up on its hind legs; and the now familiar *dramatis personæ* of the forest: the pecarry, the jaguar, the alligator, the armadillo, the monkeys, the macaws, the scorpions and the snakes. These are not as plentiful as they are in other travel books about Amazonia, probably because Mr Guppy is a more truthful writer than most. He points out that the birds and animals of Amazonia have very noticeably moved away from human habitation, and any expedition trying to live on the country will find little to shoot. There is something odd about his expedition, too; he was travelling with Indians and with men on forest work from British Guiana but, again and again, someone else had the gun when an edible animal came in sight, and someone else the ammunition. Indians missed with their arrows—or so one deduces—and Mr Guppy, meeting a jaguar, was armed only with a penknife. It sounds like the only penknife in the party, but I suppose it wasn't. Where was his classical machete? (One asks only because one knows this literature by heart.) When his people got discontented or hungry because they had been eating their rations in advance, Mr Guppy took the well-known firm line; but the Guiana men seem to have been a little sophisticated. Once, counter-bluffing, they let him go on alone. For one alarming day, he marched on his own, uncertain about who was calling whose bluff; his over-wrought sensations are well described. Of course, he won; but he and everyone else was shaken.

Anthropologists may think that the botanist in this book is not very searching about the tribes he visited; but the ordinary amateur, armchair or otherwise, of this region, will find many things worth putting into his tropical notebook. Mr Guppy is very observant and sensitive. On the good manners of the Wai-Wai, for example: Mr Guppy rejects the theory that the people are the survivors of a superior culture. Their good manners arise because of the security and stability of their society. He praises their sexual freedom in adolescence—one must take his word for it—and is alarmed to think that the missionaries will put down contraception and introduce the guilt of the Evangelists' city backyard into these untroubled lives; on the other hand, he asks whether the promiscuity of the Indians is not also the sign of a frantic search for fertility in a race where fertility has declined because of malaria. Mr Guppy has a long chapter on the tendency of Indian art to become abstract. Here he expresses himself obscurely. Why (he asks) has the Indian ceased to be interested in his external environment? As far as I can make out, Mr Guppy rejects the crude correlation of decadence and abstract art; at one point, he appears to argue that it is the product of a secure society; at another that it is the sign of an attempt to break out of a personal impasse, *i.e.*, the inner vision of reality no longer corresponds to what is habitually seen in the external world.

Another item for the tropical notebook is Mr Guppy's startling aside that 'apart from an infestation of jiggers', he was 'beginning to feel the excellent health of jungle life. Providing one keeps free of malaria and dysentery (there is no need in Guiana to boil drinking water except near settlements), no more healthy, even invigorating, climate exists than that of the South American rain forests'. In fact, he had to deal as best he could with a lot of serious illness on his journey. Our impression of Mr Guppy is of a modest, patient, determined, self-absorbed scientist so gripped by anxieties about his expedition that he was astonished and self-reproachful when he saw members of his party dancing and larking about. He had made some major discoveries in his field—he was introduced, for example, to curare-making and gives the full recipe for this poison straight from an Indian Mrs Beeton. The consequence of seriousness is, as he says, that the traveller becomes isolated and fierce in mind and is likely to remain so even when he comes home. A few months in the forest can mark one for life. Those who go there certainly like to return to their poison. It is a pleasure to read an original book about the Amazon which has not been inflated and dramatised for popular taste.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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New Novels

The Dud Avocado. By ELAINE DUNDY. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*

The Man on the Rock. By FRANCIS KING. *Longmans.* 15*s.*

If All Men Were Beggars. By ALBERT COSSERY. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 15*s.*

The One-Eyed Monster. By ALLAN PRIOR. *Bodley Head.* 15*s.*

The American girl syndrome – by which I mean the entire course of a relationship with one – has speeded up a lot during the past 25 years. Initial stimulation is now followed almost immediately by disinfatuation. Cuteness turns into banality overnight. The pert wisecrack degenerates into a maddening quack. Mental cruelty sets in about the third day. Miss Dundy, as you can tell from her title, knows all about all this. Cunningly she stuffs *The Dud Avocado* with oblique integrity. Sally Jay Gorce is a real character, not just another college girl let loose on Paris, her steamer trunk walling in the concierge in the Hôtel de l'Université as in Palinurus's time. She may owe something to Mr Salinger but she is an original in her own right, no mere catcherette in the aniseed.

Her adventures, mainly emotional, and on the fringes of the theatre, mainly in Paris but with interludes in the Basque country and Spain, make an altogether unusually amusing and entertaining novel. She scampers about, monologuing away, pretty and lively as a squirrel, foolish but seldom really silly and never arch. The mood of light hysteria is cleverly sustained, never becoming too flippant or too intense. Almost nothing goes quite right for Sally Jay until the end, back in New York, which I am not quite sure about. Also the crooked behaviour of Larry, the young producer, for whom she has such a hopeless crush, seems definitely out of character; but these are minor faults. The important thing is that the vitality never flags. The background reporting is excellent with plenty of that detailed café-crawling of which we can never have too much.

The background reporting is the best part of *The Man on the Rock*. This is another monologue. There is something just not quite integrated about the character of its narrator, Spiro, a young Greek of peasant origin who lives by his physical charm. It prevents the book from being a really brilliant novel as opposed to a highly intelligent and interesting one. Spiro's ruinous past is displayed in a series of back-flashes. He has lived with an amiable American homosexual relief worker, had an affair with a middle-aged Englishwoman, married the cream-puffy daughter of a Greek tycoon who has cut them off without a penny. Mr King tries to make him a rather more sympathetic character than his actions warrant by giving him a touch of doom-laden melancholy. He sometimes puts comments into his mouth which might seem more likely to be made by an Englishman: 'Greeks are quick to pick up the habits of the place in which they find themselves and Christo at once suggested we should "go round the corner for a pint"'. So long as he uses him as a camera-eye through which to view the Greek scene the result is clear and vivid. He gives you an almost agonisingly sharp picture of modern, post civil-war Athens, with its chronic and acute economic crisis and its climate of irresponsibility. The last we see of Spiro, back there after his wife's death, is certainly in character: off to the Zappeion in search of another pick-up.

In *All Men Are Beggars* Albert Cossery is writing like the Coptic intellectual's Dostoevsky. In the indescribably, the insanely squalid atmosphere of the Cairo underworld the oddest behaviour patterns are possible. Gohar, a saint but a hashish-addict, strangles a prostitute for her bracelets in a moment of drug-craving. The repercussions on himself, his friends, Yeghen the poet and El Kourdi, the social reformer, and on Nour El Din, the homosexual police inspector in charge of the case, whose reactions are perhaps the most surprising of anyone's, provide the bulk of the story. The blend of mysticism, violence and inconsequence is a very curious one. Cossery is a writer of real talent but some of us are likely to find him rather wanting in the 'only connect' department; perhaps hashish might help.

The One-Eyed Monster is the first novel I have read that sets out to take you behind the scenes of British television. It may not take you very far but it is readable enough in its Balchinesque way. The message is the all too probable one that television corrupts everybody all round absolutely – even the homely Yorkshire seer who sells chamber pots and gives away good advice, and is discovered as a TV personality. And do I detect a suggestion – judging by the way the producer limply lets his girl go at the end – that it makes you impotent as well?

MAURICE RICHARDSON

On February 3 Hutchinson's publish J.-J. Servan-Schreiber's *Lieutenant in Algeria* (16s.): the original edition was reviewed in our French Books number on September 7. Among new editions received are Colin Bertram's *Arctic and Antarctic* (Heffer, 21s.); and *The Englishman's Food*, by J. C. Drummond and Anne Wilbraham, revised by D. F. Hollingsworth (Cape, 36s.).

Gramophone Records

ONE might suppose that the big virtuoso orchestral scores would fare worst on record. On the contrary, at least half a dozen stunningly brilliant performances are available of works like *Till Eulenspiegel* and *Petrushka*, and it is small-scale music that so constantly floors the gramophone companies. For instance, I know of no recent recordings of Mozart string quartets that I can recommend with real enthusiasm. On the whole I like the Barchet Quartet performances on Vox best, and a disc coupling the Hunt Quartet in B flat major (K458) and the E flat major Quartet (K428) is up to their usual standard of solid and unaffected competence. It is easy to conceive of finer performances and a more faithful quality of recorded sound, but as soon as one turns to the alternatives the virtues of the Barchet loom large.

For instance, on HMV the Amadeus Quartet have done K458 coupled with Haydn's Quartet in G major Op. 77 No. 1. Here the recorded sound is splendid and the playing has all the fluency and finish that one misses with the Barchet group. But there is no earth or spontaneity about the Amadeus performances, which lack content and conviction. Then there is the excellent Budapest Quartet on Philips. In a coupling of two D major quartets (K499 and 575) they get a much truer recording than the Barchet Quartet enjoy on a new Vox disc carrying the same coupling. It is true that the Budapest players have a vitality lacking in the Amadeus and technically they are superior to the Barchet. But in this music they are often curiously ill at ease and self-conscious, and consequently tend to 'do' too much with it, so that in spite of passages where the Budapest are superior, here, too, one returns gratefully to the Barchet Quartet. They are at any rate completely at home in the music, even if they occasionally take it a bit for granted.

A Mozart recording that I can recommend almost without reservation is an excellently engineered Philips disc containing the B flat major (K454) and A major (K526) Violin Sonatas performed by Arthur Grumiaux and Clara Haskil. Grumiaux's playing is extremely good and lacks perhaps only the last degree of smoothness of line and of tone. Haskil is sublime. Firm yet never forceful, crisp yet not brittle, moving yet never over-romantic, elegant yet unmannered, she is surely one of the very few pianists of today whose feeling for every aspect of Mozartian style is unfailing. A Vanguard disc contains fresh, lively and strongly phrased performances of Mozart's *Serenata Notturna* (K239) and three *divertimenti* (K136, 137 and 138) by the Solisti di Zagreb under Janigro. Their incisive rhythms are very taking, but what is lacking here is sweetness and sensuality. The fierce vigour of the performances is accentuated by a harsh, over-brilliant recording, which also suffers from pre-echo and some stentorian breathing in the Serenade. Before leaving the eighteenth century I should mention a well-recorded HMV disc containing two Boccherini Quintets (Op. 13 No. 3 in F major and Op. 18 No. 1 in C minor). These will probably appeal to enthusiasts for the composer, but I found the performances by the Quintetto Boccherini fatally dinky and artful, although I must in fairness add that as an exception they bring off the opening allegro of the F major Quintet in a very alert, neat manner.

I have only heard three of the five Beethoven cello sonatas that are available on two-and-a-half

HOW GERMANY DID IT— AND WHY

Hamstrung by heavy taxation, and helpless before inflation, British businessmen have reason to study the dramatic revival of German industrial and economic power since 1948. There are lessons for them in a thrusting economy where demand is *really* the boss. But there are deeper reasons for German prosperity and dynamism today, writes economist Jossleyn Hennessy in the February issue of Scope Magazine. Ludwig Erhard, West German Finance Minister, did far more than end inflation, rationing and controls in one stroke with his 1948 decrees. He created 'responsible free enterprise', first outlined as a theory by economic philosopher Walter Eucken, and gave the lie to Marxist fallacies about the need for State control and planning. This article analyses the reasons for Germany's success in the light of these little-known facts.

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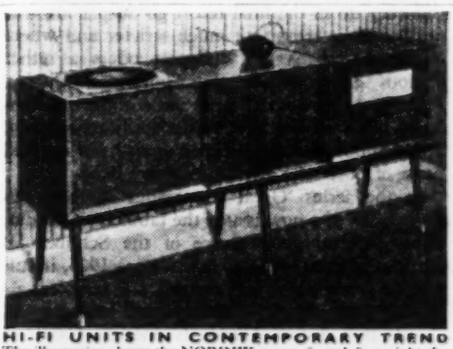

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HMV discs in performances by Piatogorsky and Solomon, but these I found disappointing. Piatogorsky produces a rich, solid tone that is enhanced by a good recording, but his phrasing shows little imagination and he fails to convey any sense of the music's development and shape. Solomon plays with more distinction and style but he is unduly retiring and his quality of tone is rather too crystalline for the music. Philips has issued a slightly less well recorded disc containing Op. 5 No 1 in F major and Op. 102 No. 2 in D major performed by Casals and Serkin. Here is imagination in super-abundance. Casals produces moments of extraordinary beauty, but, where Piatogorsky is wooden, he often pulls the music all over the place and rarely holds a steady tempo for a dozen consecutive bars. In addition his tone sounds frayed and uneven. Serkin, however, is admirable and for all their failings I prefer these performances to those on HMV. But if one wants a Casals recording I should rather turn to the HMV discs on which his great performances of the Bach cello suites are now available on LP. The two I have heard have undergone the transfer very successfully, and whatever one may feel about his use of *rubato* in this music, his playing and quality of tone are incomparable.

There are two new, accomplished versions of Schubert's D minor Quartet ('Death and the Maiden'). At first hearing there is a lot to be said for the Budapest Quartet on Philips. Their recording is excellent, they are technically the superior quartet with a fuller and more even quality of tone, and they include the C minor *Quartettsatz* for good measure. On Capitol the acid tone of the leader of the Hollywood Quartet often sticks out like a sore thumb and their austere performance lacks the obvious lyrical ardour of the Budapest players. Yet in spite of this they do in the final resort go deeper into the music. Their tempi are much stricter and where in the variations the Budapest offers a rather obvious emotionalism, the Hollywood Quartet strike just that note of tense yet withdrawn desolation that makes the music so heart-rending. The Capitol recording is good apart from a horrid burst of post-echo after the closing bars.

In the series 'Great Recordings of the Century' HMV has now issued the fabulous Thibaud, Casals, Cortot performance of the Schubert B flat Piano Trio. Made as long ago as 1926, it still sounds remarkably well on this LP transfer, although there are occasional blurred passages and chords that distort. Curiously enough, Casals is also the cellist in a Prades performance on an indifferently recorded ten-inch Philips disc. It is by any standards well done, the andante is most moving, and Casals is in much better form than in the Beethoven sonatas I noticed above. But this performance lacks the older version's almost celestial lyricism and ease. The new tempi are in the main rather slower and, well though he plays, Schneider cannot equal Thibaud's extraordinary purity of tone and style. The HMV disc also contains a fine performance by the same artists of Haydn's G major Piano Trio Op. 73 No. 2. Schubert's Violin Sonatinas Op. 137 are enchanting late-night listening and No. 1 in D major and No. 3 in G minor are played with unaffected grace and ease by Schneiderhan and Seemann on a well-recorded ten-inch DGG record.

On a Capitol disc Victor Aller and the Hollywood Quartet give a vigorous and accomplished performance of the Schumann Piano Quintet. The strings are a little steely and the playing just misses the spontaneous lyricism of the much less well-recorded Barchet Quartet on Vox. But an added attraction of the Hollywood performance is the coupling with Hummel's extremely attractive and well-made String Quartet in G Op. 30 No. 2. The performance and recording is admirable and should help to draw attention to this delightful music. Vox has issued ardent if somewhat uneven performances by the Trio di Bolzano of the Schumann Piano Trios No. 1 in D minor Op. 63 and No. 3 in G minor Op. 110. The recording is marred by background roar.

The Hollywood Quartet and Victor Aller (an outstandingly able pianist) have started to record the Brahms piano quartets for Capitol. It could be said that their performance of the G minor Quartet Op. 25 suffers from string tone that is ungenerous for so romantic a work, and there are moments when the piano masks string passages. But with these small limitations it is a most convincing performance, conceived on an heroic scale and carried out with great sweep and power. The recording is excellent and this is particularly true of the piano tone. Performances by Joseph Schuster and Wührer of the Brahms E minor Cello Sonata Op. 38 and the Strauss F major Op. 6 are only likely to appeal to those who specially want this unusual coupling, for Schuster's playing is heavy and over-emphatic and the recording is ill-balanced, with piano tone that contrives to sound at once too resonant and too backward.

Bruckner's Quintet in F is his only mature piece of chamber music, but it is a work that borders on greatness. DGG has now issued a very adequate and well-recorded performance by the Koeckert Quartet. Its only defects are occasional passages where the inner parts are too subdued to bring out the cut and thrust of Bruckner's fine counterpoint, and a slight lack of energy in the phrasing, especially in a rather relaxed account of the opening movement. The Janacek Quartet and Eva Bernathova combine in a beautifully warm and exuberant performance of Dvorak's A major Piano Quintet on an extremely well-balanced DGG recording that suffers only from noisy surfaces towards the end of each side. But surely this is a work that might be fitted on a ten-inch disc? I was almost equally delighted by a lyrical and idiomatic account of the engaging Dumky Trios Op. 90 by the Czech Trio. The performance is unglossy but its very domesticity is an advantage here. The ten-inch Supraphon recording is marred by shallow piano tone and horribly noisy surfaces. The accomplished Philadelphia Wind Quintet perform two rarely heard works from Janacek's fertile old age. *Mladi* (Youth) is a miraculously fresh and haunting piece that in its sheer originality of sound almost equals Stravinsky's Symphonies of Wind Instruments (recording, please). The fascinating Piano *Concertino* is less immediately attractive but it is strikingly well performed by Firkusny; it gets a less fine recording than does *Mladi*, and the sound is somewhat spoilt by pre-echo and tape flutter.

The American Beaux Arts Trio are a polished ensemble who have recently made two recordings for Parlophone. They play the Ravel and Fauré D minor Piano Trios with a combination of vigour and sensibility that is most pleasing, and apart from rather over-resonant piano tone the sound is good. They are somewhat less happy in their other disc on which they give an over-rhapsodic and loosely shaped account of Mendelssohn's D minor Piano Trio, coupled to a fiery yet polished performance of Haydn's in G major, marred only by the leader's excessively *espressivo* style in the slow movement. There is really no limit to what someone or other will not find 'charming'. But Donizetti's vapid and inept Quartet No. 9 in D minor exceeds any limit I can conceive of. For the record, it is available in an adequate performance and recording on Tele-

funken. It is coupled with Bazzini's Quartet No. 3 in E flat, an agreeable piece that at least shows mild ability to develop an idea. Finally, Bloch's mammoth and over-rhapsodic Quartet No. 1 in D minor, which inhabits a curious stylistic axis stretching from Franck to early Bartok, is most eloquently performed by the Roth Quartet on a Mercury disc that suffers from pre-echo and obtrusive background noises.

PETER HEYWORTH

Week-end Competition

No. 1,457 **Set by Hilbrian**

Rossetti used to append sonnets to his pictures. The usual prizes are offered for a verse (limit 14 lines, but not necessarily a sonnet) on any one of the following portraits: Whistler's Mother; John's Madame Suggia; Lamb's Lytton Strachey; Sutherland's Lord Beaverbrook; Annigoni's Princess Margaret. Entries by February 11.

Result of No. 1,454 Set by Emmanuel Burden

The usual prizes are offered for the first verse – or last verse and Envoi – of a Bellocian Ballade entitled *A Change in the Cabinet.*

Report

Who would have thought so many *NS* competitors didn't know a ballade from a ballad? Many who did, showed zeal, sending the full ballade from which we were invited to extract the first or last verse; but the prizes went to the few who had at least a hint of the savage Bellocian bite. Three Envois are worth quoting.

Prince, at the House of Commons you will get
Australian Claret and a filthy lunch
Unchanged despite the changing Cabinet –
There's not a Balliol Scholar in the bunch.
(H. S. Mackintosh)

Prince, prelate, minister (or me, or you) –
No one must think he can't be done without.
There's always someone standing in the queue.
I wonder what the fuss was all about?
(Margaret Usborne)

It is unlikely, Prince, that you or I
Will ever be in that predicament.
Only Big Business, Shell or ICI
Counts fifty millions merely one per cent.
(Alberick)

Two guineas to Little Billee; a guinea each to Geoffrey G. Riley, P. M., Allan M. Laing and R. Postill. Commended: Trooper Jones ('But Selwyn Lloyd will still be there') and G. J. Blundell.

A CHANGE IN THE CABINET

"Crisis and change within the Cabinet!"
We greet the news with sniff and weary gibe;
We know the sort of shuffle we shall get,
Placating left and right with equal bribe,
The basement-bargaining they'll all describe,
As 'a new chance with a new Chancellor',–
Pharisee changing places with the Scribe! –
It's just the same old mixture as before!

ENVOI

Premier, are you a prisoner of your tribe?
When you have shown three colleagues to the door
What medicine for the mess will you prescribe?
Why, just the same old mixture as before!
LITTLE BILLEE

Though Bridge, no doubt, goes well with Politics,
Your new-old deal still leaves us unimpressed,
Savouring of sleight of hand and party tricks
Presented with professional smooth zest.
X has resigned now, neatly out-finessed;
Lord Y's still out, but may next time be back.
Meanwhile the country founders: we request
No more re-shuffles, but a different pack.

ENVOI

Right honourable sir, you may know best
How to play cards pink-red and bluish-black.
Bravo! But pardon me if I suggest
No more re-shuffles, but a different pack.
GEOFFREY G. RILEY

The Cabinet's at Party Games,–
General Post, and Spin the Plate,
They're changing places, calling names,
And A now sits where T once sate.
The tune is called *The Welfare State;*
The PM sidles down the stairs,–
He has a more important date
Than just a game of Musical Chairs.

ENVOI

Prince, we have seen some fun of late
In Parliamentary affairs,
When 'Sitting on an Estimate'
Was just a game of Musical Chairs.
P. M.

Ah, well, the bitter tears no longer spill:
Forgotten is the Party's dumb dismay:
The worried Whips may slumber now until
Another little shuffle's on the way.
Our placid Premier, feeling almost gay,
Tries on the Commonwealth his noted touch . . .
And when the country's bankrupt and can't pay,
Will fifty millions matter very much?

ENVOI

Prince, will you meet the Cabinet some day
And, talking bluntly like an uncle (Dutch),
Persuade them, as you only can, to say:
Do fifty million people matter much?
ALLAN M. LAING

So X is pipped by Y for Home Affairs,
(Harrow and Downing may have been the snag)
And Z, who gets the Foreign Office, swears
It's *not* because he was the PM's fag.
Then A, who thought Defence was in the bag,
And boasted of it openly – the lout! –
Is shuffled to the Ministry of Ag.,
Whilst Education gets the odd man out.

ENVOI

Prince! as you hurry past us in your Jag.,
Pray spare a wistful smile for those who doubt
The wisdom of complacency or brag
Whilst Education gets the odd man out.
R. POSTILL

City Lights

Not Until 1960?

The New Year prophecy, thrown out by Mr Fry of the *Manchester Guardian*, that there would be no reform of the Court of the Bank of England this year, looks like being proved right. In the City, at least, discussion of the Bank's future is drying up, the ranks are closing. The Labour Party, the City feels certain, will scamp its apologies and use the report of the Bank Rate tribunal as an opportunity for harrying the enemy. And if the opposition makes a party issue of Bank reform, so will the government, which has a majority: nothing will happen, at a time when public opinion is aroused, the Radcliffe committee sits waiting, and the Bank itself is said to be in a spring-cleaning mood.

* * *

The chairman of Stewarts & Lloyds, of course, has appointed himself leader of the anti-

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nationalisation crusade. But the chairman of United Steel seems determined not to be outdone: several of his phrases indeed suggest that he has designs upon the leadership. Take this, for example:

> Ownership by the state and management by the state is not just something which is not good or restricts our freedom: it is a bad thing. It is the beginning of Communism and logically in time it would convert our country into a state as completely Communist as Russia and other eastern states which are either already Communist or going that way.

Mr Stewart, for his part, met his shareholders this week and secured their approval – not surprisingly, since everyone likes his shares to become worth a good deal more than he paid for them – for any steps the board takes to counter nationalisation. He informed them that nationalisation would be 'just one further step towards totalitarian government', and added, for fear that anyone might think this an exaggeration, that 'surely there is now no doubt at all that nationalisation of steel and other industries would mean a long stride towards the establishment of Communism in Great Britain'. He referred gratefully to the support he had received from other steel companies and from some companies – Tate & Lyle? – outside the industry, but provided no information about his detailed campaign plans or their cost.

Delay in getting the campaign going is probably due largely to differences of temperament among the steel barons – differences which are only too obvious in reading their various references to nationalisation. Flamboyancy is clearly in the lead at the moment. If it continues there, it will almost certainly alienate the many people who feel a sneaking sympathy with the industry's case.

* * *

The annual speeches of the bank chairmen make much better reading now that there are a couple of non-bankers among them. Sir Oliver Franks, for example, must have upset his new colleagues considerably with his review of external financial problems. He showed no hesitation in discussing dangerous subjects like the value of the present sterling system and the case for a floating pound. He made a strong attack on the irresponsible policies pursued by creditor countries and declared that there were international duties overriding the aim of absolute price stability. He referred to the danger of a recession and suggested that deflationary policies in Britain might increase it. And he made no bones about his conviction that one of the main things wrong at the moment is the inadequacy and maldistribution of world reserves of foreign exchange.

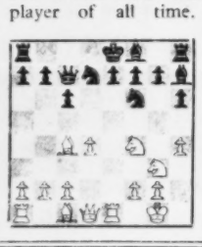
He ended, in fact, by suggesting that the International Monetary Fund should become an international bank, accepting foreign exchange reserves in exchange for Fund notes and using these, like any bank, as a basis for creating fresh credit and channelling it in the directions it thought most desirable. This is not a new suggestion, but it may now get the consideration it deserves.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 429. Hoping for the Best

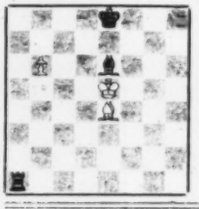
Who wouldn't when he has to? But the trouble is that most of us are pessimists and do not dare trust our own hopes. As for the inveterate optimist, I have heard him defined as a person who, without a penny in his pocket, would confidently enter an expensive restaurant on the assumption that with half a dozen oysters to start the meal he would have a 6:1 chance of finding a pearl to pay for it all and to leave him with a good deal of change, too. While it may not be recommendable to carry optimism to such lengths there is much to be said for the chess player who, trusting his own prowess, will provoke complications even at the risk of an inferior position. He will play the man rather than the board, hoping to make the opponent either over-reach himself or show timidity where courage is needed. It was by such methods of a psychologist rather than a chessmaster that Lasker won many of his games, and I still think that he was the greatest chess player of all time.



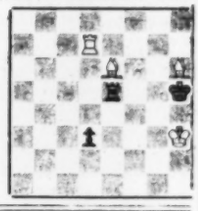
Among the contemporary two score of super-erudite grandmasters I would consider Bronstein the one most akin to Lasker's peculiar genius; no doubt, he is the most enterprising and thereby the most interesting of them all. Here (Black against Porreca at Belgrade, 1954), is the seemingly calamitous position he let himself in for in the early middle-game. Not quite so calamitous though, since there isn't a weak spot, whereas White, with all his advantage in space and his almost bewildering chances of attack has that nasty weakness at h4. But how shall Black complete his development since the obvious . . . Kt-Kt3-Q4, followed by . . . O-O-O would merely offer a delectable target for a very pushful White QBP? Bronstein played (1) . . . B-Kt1, a move which, undoubtedly, would have been applauded by old Lasker; and after (2) Kt-Q3 he wisely deferred castling and played . . . P-K3, deliberately provoking Kt-B5, so as to counter it by . . . P-KKt4!. But White would have none of that, preferring (3) B-B4, B-Q3; (4) BxB, QxB; (5) Kt-B5, Q-B1!; (6) Q-B3, O-O-O. Here Porreca should have dared (7) B-R6!, but he was evidently overawed by the grandmaster, the sequel being: (7) Kt-KKt3?, B-R2; (8) P-QR4?, BxKt!; (9) BxB, Q-Q3; (10) P-QR5, P-R3; and Black was out of all trouble, started his counter-attack with P-KKt4 and soon won the game.

Speaking of optimists, here's a position reported in Kurt Richter's *Schach*: /Kt4rk1/pp3ppp/3q1kt2 3ppb2/3kt4/P1Q2P2/1PP3PP/2KR1BKtR/. Having already invested a R, Black might have been embarrassed by B-Q3; instead, White played Q-B7, thereby giving Black a pretty chance of indulging his sacrificial mood. How he won in a few moves may well serve as **A**, the 4-pointer for beginners. **B** and **C** (for 6 and 7 ladder-points) are both wins, and the former should be much facilitated by the useful hint that Black's ingenious bid for stalemate can be refuted by "under-promotion." Usual prizes. Entries by 10 February.

B: J. Fritz 1933



C: H. Mattison 1930



REPORT on No. 426. Set 11 January.

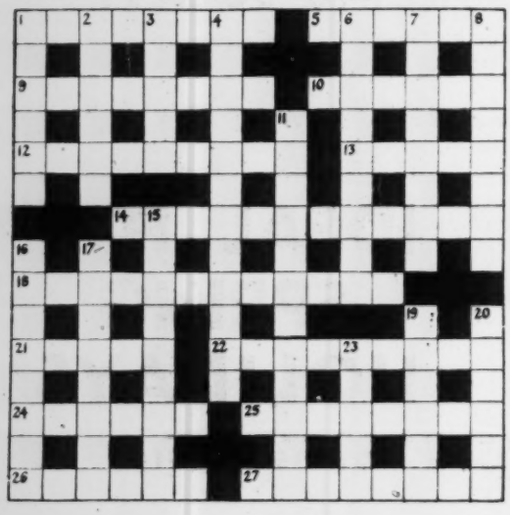
A: (1) . . . R-KB7 would have won.
B: (1) B-B8 ch, KtxB; (2) PxP, Kt-K2!; (3) P–Q ch, Kt-Kt1ch; (4) KxP, Kt-K3 ch; (5) K-Kt6!, KtxQ; (6) B-K5 ch, BxB.
C: (1) K-B5! (K-B6?), K-Kt3; (2) K-B6! (K-K6 or K5?), K-Kt2; (3) K-B7! (K-K7?), K-Kt1; (4) K-K6, K-B2; (5) K-K7!, K-B3; (6) K-Q8, K-Q3; (7) K-B8, K-B3; (8) K-Kt8, K-Kt3, (9) K-R8 etc.

A few stumped (or partly so) by **B**, more by **C**. Still more than a dozen flawless solutions. Prizes: I. Avinery, W. H. L. Brooking, R. C. Chaturvedi, J. R. Harman, G. Roblin.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 288

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 288, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 11 Feb.



ACROSS

1. Angels may turn into married harpies (8).
5. United and in bed (6).
9. Reorganises the personnel or purges may be the alternative (8).
10. Anger with a gap in the middle (6).
12. The bird to move slowly after the husks (9).
13. Oblivion for a member with no following (5).
14. Country in which a football club makes an announcement (6, 6)
18. Soup which is finally a brownish colour (12).
21. Who has to score first? Not Chelsea (5).
22. The member is not in time to make the laws (9).
24. Brought up on a hill (6).
25. Means of protection for people in a tram smash (8).
26. Intact as in the document I read (6).
27. Broadcast for the listener in Ireland (8).

DOWN

1. Smart tree (6).
2. Document for the rubbish collector (6).
3. The professor holds a circle for demonstration (5).
4. Perhaps blame Peter in being inscrutable (12).
6. Ruler that leans crookedly (9).
7. A mineral to leave out in charity (8).
8. Animal which has its sleeping place on the river (8).
11. Place where there is cheese to swallow greedily (7, 5).
15. Watson had an accommodating one (9).
16. Subject to the last word on the competent (8).
17. Most monotonous accommodation on a river (8).
19. It is obvious the girl is holding her figure in (6).
20. A gambler in good health (6).
23. A health resort in the country (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 286

G	O	R	I	L	L	A	■	R	E	A	L	I	S	M
A	■	I	■	O	■	D	■	E	■	D	■	R	■	U
L	I	G	H	T	■	J	A	M	B	O	R	E	E	S
A	■	O	■	T	■	U	■	O	■	R	■	N	■	I
H	A	L	L	E	■	S	E	V	E	N	T	E	E	N
A	■	E	■	R	■	T	■	E	■	■	■	■	■	G
D	I	T	T	I	E	S	■	S	A	M	O	A	N	S
■	■	T	■	E	■	■	■	■	■	A	■	M	■	■
C	R	O	S	S	E	S	■	F	I	X	A	B	L	E
H	■	■	■	A	■	O	■	I	■	U	■	N	■	■
O	P	P	R	E	S	S	O	R	■	L	I	L	A	C
O	L	D	■	S	■	A	■	L	■	A	■	O	■	■
S	T	A	T	E	R	O	O	M	■	A	S	T	E	R
E	■	T	■	N	■	O	■	E	■	R	■	E	■	E
S	T	E	P	S	O	N	■	N	O	Y	A	D	E	S

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 285

Mrs M. Ross (London, W8), Miss M. Long (London, NW11), W. T. Wood (Shipley)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

THE NIGERIAN RAILWAY CORPORATION
invites applications for the following post:

RESEARCH OFFICER

Duties: The Research Officer will be required to supervise and develop the Railway Research Section, which covers metallurgy, photomicrography, soil mechanics, combustion, fuel oil and water testing; chemical analysis and technical and practical investigation into such problems as flange and rail wear, faulty design, elimination of bad riding in rolling stock, etc.

Qualifications: Candidates must be chartered civil or mechanical engineers with a science or engineering degree and have at least five years' experience in a supervisory capacity in a large undertaking covering the subjects stated in the above paragraph or they must possess an engineering degree with at least ten years' experience. In each case, candidates must have at least two years' experience in a railway research organisation.

Salary: £2,250 per annum. Appointments are on pensionable terms or on contract with 20% gratuity per annum of total pay.

Tours: 15 months in Nigeria followed by 15 weeks' leave on full pay.

Quarters: Partly furnished quarters are provided at low rental.

Allowances: There are attractive family, travelling, transport and other allowances.

Send postcard before 10 February, 1958, mentioning the post and this paper, for further particulars and applic. form to:

The London Representative,
Nigerian Railway Corporation,
9 Northumberland Avenue,
London, WC2.

Applications are invited for the post of
GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE NORTHERN RHODESIA MINE WORKERS UNION.

The salary attached to this position will be determined by the General Council of the Union, depending on qualifications. The basic wages plus hidden emoluments will amount to a sum in the region of £2,600 per annum.

Accommodation at nominal rental provided.

All applications, with references, etc., to be submitted by 31 March, 1958 to:

The President
Northern Rhodesia Mine
Workers Union
P.O. Box 15
KITWE
Northern Rhodesia

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

Lake & Elliot, Limited, Braintree, Essex, wish to appoint an EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR. The Company employs approximately 1,000 people in Iron and Steel Founding, General and Production Engineering. Many developments are taking place.

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Applicants should send brief details of themselves in confidence to the Managing Director, who will be glad to supply further particulars.

TEACHERS FOR BRITISH COLUMBIA

The British Columbia Provincial Department of Education is interested in obtaining the names of qualified British secondary and elementary school teachers desirous of emigrating to British Columbia for September 1958.

Applicants should be under the age of 45 years and must have completed a formal course of teacher-training or hold a diploma in Education. For secondary school certification applicants must hold a recognised University degree or equivalent. Those interested should write immediately to Mr W. A. McAdam, Agent General, British Columbia House, 1-3 Regent Street, London SW1, England, for particulars and applications. Interviews with a representative who has authority to make appointments to schools in British Columbia will be arranged in February, March and April for those whose eligibility for certification has been determined.

EXPERIENCED mistress (Froebel), chn. 10-11 yrs., Sept. 1958. Music an asset. Burnham scale. Gov. Super. Town & Country School, 38-40, Eton Ave., Hampstead, NW3.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

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with chemical or metallurgical research experience, not over 45 years of age. Substantial four-figure salary with car provided. For further information, please contact the Technical Advisory Service, Birmingham Productivity Association, 95 New Street, Birmingham. MID 0912.

THE World Health Organization invites applications from candidates of English mother-tongue for a post of Translator at its Headquarters, Geneva. Duties include (a) translating a variety of highly technical texts from Russian into English and (b) acting, when necessary, as interpreter during conversations between officials, or at small meetings. Candidates should be university graduates, having specialized in Russian, and preferably with good knowledge of medical or biological terminology. Extensive experience as a translator is essential. Initial two-year contract with one-year probationary period. Basic salary $6,000 (tax free), plus allowances according to Staff Rules. Written applications should state nationality, age, education, full details of past and present experience and should be addressed to Personnel Section, World Health Organization, Palais des Nations, Geneva, quoting VN/AD411. No correspondence can be entered into except with those whose qualifications and experience are really suitable. Short-listed candidates will be required to take a written examination in London or Geneva. A similar post will be vacant in the WHO Regional Office for Europe, Copenhagen, with basic salary of $4,800 and applicants for the Geneva post should indicate if they wish to be considered for the Copenhagen post as well. Closing date, 15 February 1958.

BBC requires Announcer in Cardiff. Duties include presentation of all types of programmes mainly in Sound, possibly in Television, preparation of announcements, taking charge of speakers and artists at microphone. Good microphone voice, good general education and complete fluency in Welsh and English with ability to translate quickly from one to the other essential. Knowledgeable interest in music and literature and ability to pronounce French and German desirable. Ability to pronounce Italian and Spanish additional qualifications. Salary £1,060 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,365 p.a. max. Initial appointment might be on grade with starting salary £790 with prospect of promotion to higher grade, subject to attainment of requisite standard. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.498 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Air Correspondent with ability to prepare at short notice concise and non-technical reports for news bulletins, to broadcast own material, and to conduct interviews (Sound and Television). Applicants should be fully trained journalists, with specialist knowledge of, and keen interest in, aeronautical affairs and developments, including rockets and missiles. They must be ready and medically fit for flying duties, if necessary outside the U.K. Salary £1,660 rising by five annual increments to £2,090 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.499, N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC require Assistant (Field Research and Library), Natural History Unit in Bristol. Duties: responsibility for development and documentation of BBC library of wild-life sound recordings and, if necessary, assisting in film work in the field; critical viewing of new material for film library, supervision of storage and classification; preparation of sequences and occasional telefilms; providing specialist advice to user departments and establishing liaison with other organisations with similar interests. May be required to take part in Sound or Television programmes. Thorough knowledge of ornithology and general competence in wider field of natural history essential. Experience of sound recording and handling and editing of film desirable but not essential as training will be given. Salary £1,060 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,365 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.495 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London W1, within five days.

HOUSEFATHER wanted for adolescent Spastic Centre. Apply Warden, Coombe Farm, Oaks Rd. Croydon.

G.E.C. and the boy with **G.C.E.**

A public or grammar school leaver with the G.C.E. at Advanced level in Mathematics or Physics stands at the threshold of a rewarding career if he is accepted for training by The General Electric Co. Ltd. He may be interested in research and development work or perhaps look forward to playing a big part in production or management. On the other hand, he may be just the type to represent the Company on the commercial side, either at home or almost anywhere in the world.

The first step is the all-important one, however—enrolment in a G.E.C. sandwich training scheme in which, over a period of five years, he will combine in six monthly alternating periods industrial experience with full-time study at a College of Advanced Technology.

For the boy with a university place there is an alternative course with one year's training before and after a degree course in science or engineering. Scholarships covering tuition and maintenance will be awarded to outstanding boys accepted under this scheme.

G.E.C.

Send for details to:
The Controller,
Education & Personnel Services,
The General Electric Company Limited (N. Sta.),
Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SURREY Education Committee. Bedelsford School, Grange Road, Kingston-on-Thames. Following the completion of a domestic science flat and handicraft room additional qualified staff will be required at the school for physically handicapped children at the commencement of the Summer Term, 1958. Interest in teaching handicapped children essential. (1) Full time Assistant Master for Woodwork and Craftwork. Ability to teach Metalwork an advantage. (2) Part-time Assistant Mistress for Domestic Science. Salary, London Burnham Scale, plus additional payment for work in special school. Form of application (SAE) obtainable from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-on-Thames, to whom it should be returned by 7 February, 1958.

LONDON County Council. Avery Hill Training College, Bexley Road, Eltham, SE9. Principal: Miss F. Consitt, B.A., B.Litt., Ph.D. Resident Deputy Principal and Principal Lecturer required September 1958 to assist the Principal in administrative matters and to undertake some teaching, preferably in English, Divinity, Mathematics or Science (Chemistry), but any subject will receive full consideration. Good honours degree of British University and experience of teaching children of school age essential. Training College salary and residential emoluments. Deputy Principal allowance £250. Appointment will be to Council's service with assignment to this College. Application forms obtainable from (stamped addressed foolscap envelope) and returnable to Principal at the College by 15 February.

LONDON County Council. Post of responsibility. Note: The allowances and additional payments shown in advertisements for posts of responsibility are within the allocations at present authorised for school names. The 1956 Burnham Report provides for a review from 1 April 1958 of the allocations for the majority of schools and no appointment will be confirmed until it is clear that the post will be available. (108) Deputy Headmaster, Forest Hill School, Dacres Road, SE23 (Headmaster: A. E. Howard B.Sc; 1,370 boys, offering wide variety of courses including engineering and commerce, courses leading to 'O', 'A' and 'S' levels), May, 1958; Master with good academic qualifications, organising ability and interest in whole field of Secondary Education (£425). Vacancy due to promotion to headship. Forms (and further particulars) from and returnable to Head, closing date 12 February.

ENGLISH teacher required for foreign students. Full- or part-time. Write St Giles' School, 147 Oxford St, London, W.1.

WOMAN Social Worker required at HM Detention Centre, Campsfield House, Kidlington, nr. Oxford. Age at least 35 on 1 January, 1958. The candidate appointed will be responsible to the Warden. The work will consist of interviewing the boys (ages 14-17), seeing visitors and visiting the boys' homes. Co-operation in the arrangements for the general welfare and after-care of boys is also necessary. The post is experimental but may become permanent. It calls for an active person prepared to devote herself wholeheartedly to difficult reformative work. Experience of social work is essential and the possession of a degree or diploma in social science would be an advantage. Salary scale £531-£744. The scale is being improved to reach equality with the men's by 1961 (men's maximum £770). Accommodation not provided. Further particulars and application form from Establishment Officer (E.99/6/14), Prison Commission, Room 204, Horseferry House, Dean Ryle Street, London, SW1, returnable by 12 February, 1958.

THE National Association of Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies (Inc.) are about to appoint an additional Prison Welfare Officer. Only those with the necessary qualifications and experience in social work will be considered. The salary will be comparable to that which applies to the Probation Service. Further details and form of application may be obtained from The General Secretary, NADPAS, 66 Eccleston Square, London, SW1, and must be returned not later than 15 February, 1958.

WELFARE Officers, with recent practical experience and preferably with social science qualifications, required to work in Public Health Department in connection with the prevention of Venereal Disease. Duties involve attendance at V.D. Clinics and following up of contacts and defaulters. Inclusive salary £644 10s. (at age 24)—£844 10s. Further details and application form from Medical Officer of Health (PH/D. 1/85), LCC, County Hall, SE1. Closing date 10 February, 1958.

LIVERPOOL University Settlement: Man or woman required to organise Windsor Junior Boys' Club, a challenging venture of considerable interest. Social Science training a recommendation. Commencing salary in the range £450-£500 plus free residence and board, and superannuation. Starting date by arrangement. Applications, giving three referees, to The Warden, University Settlement, Nile Street, Liverpool 1.

DESIGN Research Unit has vacancies for (1) secretary/shorthand typist to Senior Architect; (2) production/progress assistant to Milner Gray and Senior Designers, preferably with knowledge of print and production processes. Apply by letter to Business Manager, 37 Park Street, London, W1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MARLBOROUGH Day Hospital, 38 Marlborough Place, London, NW8. Psychologist required, with experience in social methods of treatment. Evening and day work. Salary scale £700 p.a. × 30 £940 p.a. × 35 – £975 p.a. plus London Weighting. Detailed applications, stating age and names of two referees to Medical Director by 11 February.

LONDON County Council. Education Inspectorate. Inspector of Physical Education (Woman) to take up duties on 1 September, 1958, required to advise upon, organise and inspect physical education in various types of educational establishments: Salary £962 10s. – £1,482 10s., appointment may be made above the minimum. Application forms with full details from Education Officer (EO/Estab.2/P), The County Hall, SE1, must be returned by 7 February. (47.)

DIRECTOR, with organising experience, preferably with technical knowledge, required for Association for Consumer Research. Salary around £2,000 p.a. according to qualifications. Appln. forms from 16 Victoria Park Sq, E2, to be returned before 17 Feb.

GUILDFORD. Wanted assistant in small children's Home, nine beds, under Church Army Trained Sister. Experience with adolescent girls essen. Salary accdg. to Diocesan scale. Apply Chairman, Hope Lodge, 12 Nightingale Road, Guildford. Tel. 61115.

BRITISH Film Institute requires indexing clerk for Information Department. Salary £8 15s. to £10 4s. basic. Language bonus. Apply in writing to Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2.

BRITISH Film Institute requires Librarian. ALA with experience of UDC and knowledge of films preferred. Salary scale £610/£830. Apply in writing to Secretary (Personal), 164 Shaftesbury Avenue, WC2.

PENGUIN Books require a young woman in the reviews section of their Publicity Dept. Experience not essential, but interest in books, ability and willingness to type, and a bold acceptance of responsibility and routine are required. Apply in writing to Publicity Manager, Penguin Books, Ltd., Harmondsworth, Middx.

TOPIC, that lively young record company offers post to sh.-typist with initiative, 5-day wk. Sal. to £9 p.w. Apply T.R.C., 17 Bishops Bridge Rd, W2. PAD. 8127.

ENGLISH-German secretary/shorthand-typist for international political organisation. Box 7915.

SENIOR Administrative Assistant for Head Office. Interesting progressive post. Commencing salary ranges from £575 to £675 according to qualifications and/or experience. Superannuation scheme. Three weeks' holiday. Some housing assistance is available. Apply J. P. M. Millar, General Secretary, National Council of Labour Colleges, Tillicoultry, Scotland.

PORTMAN Bureau, 78 George Street, W1, offers a wide selection of interesting posts from £8-£14 for young, well-trained Secretaries and Shorthand-typists. WEL. 4559.

SECRETARY-Shorthand/Typist for Zionist Organisation, must be reliable, ability to work on own initiative an advantage. Please apply: Miss Langer, PRImrose 9632.

TWO part-time shorthand typists required by Institute of Personnel Management (opposite Gamages) to work in training section. One to assist Student Training Officer and one to assist on courses and conferences. Good speeds and stencil cutting experience essential. Approximately 18 hours each, times to be arranged. Salary £4 10s. 'Phone for appointment HOL. 3456 Student Training Ext. 104. Courses Ext. 107.

GRAPHIC artist with West End studio, wants part-time secretary with experience and organising ability. Box 7883.

SECRETARY required to assist economist at research Institute in Westminster. Interesting post; would suit graduate. Aptitude for figure work helpful but not essential. Salary up to £11 p.w. Hours 10-6; no Saturdays; good holidays; non-contributory pension scheme. Applications to Box 7898.

PART-time shorthand-typist wanted West End School. Must be efficient organiser and adaptable. Knowledge French and ability to teach great advantage. Box 7809.

SHORTHAND-typist, perfect German/English, reqd; 5-day week, good salary, perm. position, conven. working conditions, nr. Tube Stn. Apply with refs. Box 7892.

SECRETARY/shorthand-typist, experienced, wanted permanently. House 9.30-5. No Saturdays. Box 7869.

HOUSEKEEPER for Country Doctor, Scotland. Ample accommodation, good environment widow and child. Box 7765.

TRY the Coffee Bar Employment Bureau, 4 Macclesfield Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. 'Phone GERrard 2848.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

GERMAN girl requires domestic job London, preferably Hampstead. U. Glockmann, Hannover, Uhland Str. 5.

PROVINCIAL intellectual (29), ex mail order clerk, van driver, journalist, awaiting university, seeks 1 yrs employment. Free April. Box 7740.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

UNIV. educ. ex-Higher Civil Service & BBC author, 3 tech. bks. Exp. vetting, editing & subbing MS & feature writing, urgently needs a job, anything, anywhere. Sal. immaterial. Impeccable ref. Box 7785.

OUTSTANDINGLY intelligent Arts grad. (m.), 47, with academic & administrative experience, until recently employed overseas, seeks non-technical post in London. Assets include very good French, presentable appearance, agreeable personality. Salary envisaged in region of £1,500, but would accept less during introductory period. Box 7793.

YOUNG man, educated, travelled, Literature/His., seeks post publishing/travel/newspaper. Prepared any amount work, return opportunity advancement. Box 7095.

LADY Secretary, 28, requires employment for approx. 6 months, out of London or abroad. Car driver, available Easter. Box 7753.

FELLOWSHIPS AND SCHOLARSHIPS

THE University of Manchester. Hallsworth Research Fellowships. Applications are invited for the above Research Fellowships for advanced work in the field of Political Economy and Political Science. The value of the Fellowships will normally be within the range of £700-£1,500 per annum, according to experience and qualifications. Regulations governing the award of the Fellowships may be obtained from the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, to whom applications should be sent not later than 1 March, 1958.

THE University of Manchester. Research Studentships and Research Grants in Economic and Social Studies. Applications are invited for the above studentships and grants, tenable for one year in the first instance, and renewable for a further period not exceeding two years. The studentships are normally of the value of £350 or £400 per annum. They are offered to candidates who have obtained the degree of Bachelor or Master in this or any other approved University. Applications should be sent not later than 15 February 1958 to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

FIRCROFT, Residential College for Working Men. Scholarships and bursaries are available for a one-year course of study in Economics, Politics, History, International Relations, Social Studies, English Language and Literature, etc., for the session beginning September 1958. Details, copies of the prospectus and application forms from the Secretary, Fircroft College, Birmingham, 29.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

WESTMINSTER. Comf. B/S. in large flat, incl. heat, linen, c.h.w., ckg. fac., frig.; suit prof./bus woman. Box 7847.

COMF. furnished double bed-sitting room for two friends or married couple, use of bathroom & kitchen. PAD. 8140.

HAMPSTEAD. Furn. b/s., woman tenant; sep. ckg fac., toilet; tel. Box 7893.

GENTLEMAN invited to share home of professional man & wife, £2 15s. per week, food extra if reqd. W'S dist. ACO 3836.

FURN. ground floor flat, 3 rooms, kit., gdn. Own bath. 4 mins. Bounds Green. 5gns. BUShey 1911.

LADY to share flat with 1 other. Own bed-sit. All facilities. Bakerloo 30 min. W. End. ELGar 5454 evenings.

CHEERFUL accom. single/double lge. rooms, ckg facils. HAM. 4585/SWI. 2684.

TWO mins. Finchley Rd Tube, in comf. flat, two lge pleas. furn. rooms, one with own kitchenette; all cons inc. tel. & c.h.w. £3 p.w. each. KIL. 0728 until 9 p.m.

HAMPSTEAD. Girl to share newly dec. flat. Own sitting-room. £4 p.w. SWI. 4065.

FURN. flat W6. Sleep 2/3, 2 rooms, kit & bathrm., grnd. flr., gdn. Low rent initially in lieu of redec. Refs. Box 7808.

DOUBLE Bed/sitting-room, partial board, NW area. Easy reach of West End. Suit student friends. Phone WOR. 9405.

LGE. bright b/s. (1 pers.). G. ring/fire, use bath, phone. 3 gns. W14. Box 7798.

SEMI-furnished. Two attractive rooms, all facilities, offered one woman. Pleasant house, Wimbledon. Reasonable rent. Considerate tenant sought. Box 7788.

HAMPSTEAD. Large fur. room, 1st floor. Use of K. & B. 2½gns. HAM. 9107.

ATTRACT. converted narrow boat, 70ft, fully furn., engine. Offers? Jackman, Fishery Wharf, Boxmoor, Hemel Hempstead.

ATTRACTIVE bedsit. rm., own bathrm., share kitchen in lady's cen. heated home, quiet road 3 mins. Turnham Green Stn. Suit business woman. Write Box 7874.

BED-sit. 2nd floor; mod. cons., quiet house Highgate; near Underground. Suit educated lady. Mod. rent. Box 7866.

WARM, comf., light, s/c furn. flat. Every conven. Pleas. outlook. 10 minutes' walk Faversham. Fast trains Victoria. On bus route, close village shops and church. Liv.-rm, kit./dining-rm, dble bedrm, sgle bedrm, gd bathrm. Refs reqd. Applicants where possible please supply tel. number. Box 7818.

ATTRACTIVE bed-sitting rooms. Hanover Gate, Regents Park. AMB. 3320.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

CHARMING rooms, newly decorated, fitted carpets, Lancaster Gate area. Single from 3 gns., double from 5 gns. Something away from the usual drab guest house. 65 Westbourne Terrace, W2. AMB. 4385.

COMF. bedroom & sittingroom, sm. elect cooker. Use b. & t., warm, quiet house. Single person. HAM. 3032.

LGE. sgle. well-furn. b/s., elegant resid. dist., use k. & b. Nr. Tube/bus. 3½ gns. Busin./prof. gentleman only. WIL. 3481.

WELL-furn. b/s. room, mod. quiet clean house, constant h.w., linen. HAM. 8698.

W14. Attract. gr. flr. divan-room. Concealed cooking facs. No restrictions. 2 gns. inc. light. RIV. 8405.

4GNS. Young man offers same, any nationality, share grnd floor flat. Old Brompton Rd. Box 7902.

SWISS Cottage gdn. flat, furn., 4 gns. incl. heat, light, tel. PRI. 2530.

FURN. rm. every conv. to bus. girl, cheaper if away week-ends. CUN. 5486, p.m.

LARGE bed-sitter in Doctor's house. Gas cooker & fire, hot & cold water, own meter, linen, etc. CAN. 4554.

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63 Leinster Sq., W2. 'Phone BAY. 4886. Charming comfortable service rms., with board, reasonable.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

YOUNG Civil Engineer sks nice furn. room or flatlet. Fairly Central. Box 7910.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

BARGE, 80ft by 16ft, elec., tel., water. Coveted Chiswick mooring. View appt. only. Tel. CHI. 1025, 2 p.m. Mon. to Fri.

PROPERTY TO LET

FURNISHED Cottage, Wye Valley, 3 bedrooms. Main water, electricity. May-July 4 gns. p.w. S.a.e. Box 7849.

WHERE TO STAY

DEVON. Pentagon Guest House, Stoke Fleming. In delightful grounds, glorious scenery. Nr. Blackpool Sands, gd. food, comf. H. & c. bedrooms. Own gdn. produce, poultry. Misses Watkins. Tel. Stokefleming 231.

KESWICK—Spend your holiday at Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads. Beautiful scenery, unique position, good food. Tel. 508.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

FARM Holidays—1958 Guide describes Britain's best holiday farmhouses, 900 farms, illustrated. 3s. 10d. post paid. Dept. O, Farm Guide, 18 High St, Paisley.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on & off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country, 5s., pge. 4d. from Victor Hilton (N.S.), Harbourside, Torquay.

JUSTINS, Bodiam, Sussex. 1½ hrs. Charing Cross in pleasant country. 11 miles coast. Ideal weekends, holidays. AA listed. Brochure. Staplecross 228.

SPRINGTIME holidays; the glory of the budding countryside with the sun returning after winter's bleakness—what could be more pleasant? And the comfort and friendliness of a Fellowship Guest House help to make a memorable vacation. There are many Centres open all the year, in some of Britain's loveliest countryside. Write for full details of the accommodation and moderate terms to The Holiday Fellowship, Room 77, 142 Greencroft Gdns, North Way, NW4.

VISIT the West Coast of Ireland & stay at Avondale House, Multany, Co. Mayo. Write for terms.

LAKES. Mans. Beaut. view, mod. furn. Reas. terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside 2334.

ENGADIN. Alpine village offers restful holiday amidst lovely flowers. Comf. accom., delicious food, moderate terms. Write Hotel Meisser, Guarda, Engadin, Switzerland.

CÔTE d'Azur. Typical Provençal hotel. Beautiful, quiet site above sandy beach. Modern comforts, 1st-class cuisine. Casino, dancing. Reduced rates up to end of June. Illus brochure: Ermitage, Bandol (Var.).

FOOD AND DRINK

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St, W1. MUSeum 8141. Open till 10 p.m.

TICKLE Your Palate – have some delicious Burgess' Anchovy paste on buttered toast.

WHEN hunting for a way to brighten up a cold meal try a little Rayner's Indian Mango Chutney – from all good grocers.

KEEP a good cellar, and you enjoy the esteem of your friends. Keep a supply of El Cid Amontillado, and you enjoy a good sherry – and collect more friends!

SCHOOLS

FOR freedom and self-government, Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, M.A., Ed.B.

EASTER AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

LEATHERHEAD Repertory Theatre, Surrey, and Chantrieer Theatre, Kensington, London Easter and Summer Holiday Drama Schools. Professional stage staff. Fees £4 4s. to £7 7s. Syllabus from Director, Marian Naylor, 6, The Keir, Westside, Wimbledon Common, SW19.

SWEDEN: Popular course 'Modern Sweden' 5-22 Aug., two weeks in old university town of Uppsala followed by 1 week's study tour. Prospectus from the Swedish Institute, 49 Egerton Crescent, SW3.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 5 May to 12 Sept. 1958. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

PAINTING Holiday at Dartington Hall, Devon, 22 July-1 August. Organised by The Society of Mural Painters. Painting on the Wall; Outdoor Sketching; Still Life Painting, etc. in studio; Instruction and Demonstrations of Techniques by members of the Society. Lectures by Eric Newton, Stephen Bone, Hans Feibusch & others. Art Films. Discussion. Bathing. Excursions. Write Mrs Meninski, 63 Canfield Gardens, London, NW6.

PERSONAL

ITALIAN bachelor (30), University education, would like to live with English family; prepared to cook, wash-up, etc., drive car, give Italian lessons, nominal salary, paying own fare, ready to come immediately. Digiacinto, Via Luca Seri 7, Rome. (Italy.)

POSITANO: Private house party, July, August, Sept. Large comfortable villa overlooking beach. A few vacancies. Box 7646.

ANTIBES, A.M. Furn. accommodation. Write Parker, 4 Aberdare Gdns, NW6.

ROOM & board for girl student in exchange 3 hrs housework daily. SPE. 6112.

INTELLIGENT lady wanted to supervise girl 9½, boy 6½, daily 3-7.30 p.m. Saturday 9-1 p.m. in constructive play & some French lessons. Knowledge of children, fluent English essen., good French desirable. CUN. 7950.

WANTED: Talented young free-lance artist with original style & ideas for daily strip cartoon. Box 7815.

ROMANTIC Novel Contest. £250 prize in addition to normal royalty payment. Details from Fiction Editor, Ward, Lock & Co., Ltd., 143, Piccadilly, London, W1.

SATURDAY Morning classes in drawing and painting for children aged 5 to 15 at the Byam Shaw School, 70 Campden Street, Kensington, W8. Children may join at any time and pay pro rata. Details from the Secretary.

VEGETARIANS invited join Hy Salt/Carpenter Community, furn. rms/cottages, gdns, S. Devon. Pollard, Nadderwater, Exeter.

WEST to East! Mothers' Peace Caravan. Women travellers intsd. write Box 7823.

RIVIERA Hill Village. To let furnished, Provençal house, all comforts. State dates and number of persons. Minimum one month. Box 7784.

AUTHOR-Criti: gives careful, constructive criticism plays, novels. Box 7763.

AUTHOR reqs assistance writing children's books all ages. Full or part-time. High literary standard required. Box 7827.

LONDON business lady (45) would like to meet other(s) with view to sharing air Continental holiday. Box 7757.

LADY motoring Poland & Czechoslovakia, 2-24 August, seeks 1-2 interested persons, share expenses & driving. Box 7756.

YOUNG gentleman seeks similar for Continental car tour 26 July-8 Aug. Share expenses by arrangement. Box 7689.

PRAGUE/Budapest by road. Private party Dormobile, 4/5 seats May 1/21. Box 7750.

ROMAN Holiday Accommodation in attractive private apartment near Colosseum. Room and breakfast 23s. Countess Widman, Via Marco Aurelio 42, Rome.

ANY vacant seat going car Hamburg-Munich 18 May return 25? Bachelor, thirties, non-driver, impecunious. Box 7640.

KRISHNAMURTI. Those interested joining small established discussion group meeting monthly London, write Box 7662.

WATER colours of Moscow by 'Macmiadhachain'. 115 Kings Rd., Swanage.

INVIGORATING, stimulating and also relaxing is the effect of Nerve Manipulation. A reintegrating treatment of proved value. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St, London, W1. WELbeck 9600.

SMALL informal parties are now being arranged for members to meet one another at theatres, cinemas, dances, art exhibitions, music circles, At Homes, etc. Send S.A.E. for particulars and programme to The Companions Club, 11c Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford St., London, W1.

CHURCH Catholic—What is it? Set of twelve booklets by authoritative writers. 5s per set. These will meet your need. Write, Secretary, Catholic Course 19 Marylebone Road, London, NW1.

PERSONAL—continued

PRIVATE lessons in Inter. maths. required. State fees. Box 7751.

LOUIS E. Crombeke, ATD, and Belle Croll, ARCA, have now opened their new studio for painting classes in St John's Wood. Special attention given to beginners. Friendly but serious atmosphere. Fees less than 6s. per hour. Write or 'phone only for interview without obligation. London Atelier of Painting, 28 Finchley Rd, NW8. AMB. 0849 or PRI. 9696.

THE 1957 Society – a club for graduates and professional people over 27. Details from the Membership Secretary, 1957 Society, Bedford House, Baker St., W1.

FREEDOM, peace and happiness—What holds the world back? Hear Progressive League views and give yours. Write Secretary (C), 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

THE Art of Seeing. Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr Bates, the celebrated American occulist & author of 'Good Sight Without Glasses' may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett (LANgham 3626 and Brighton 52663).

YOU are not likely to see reproductions of my photographs in this journal but in last week's 'Times Weekly' and in January 13 'Time' and the December 'Opera' you can see work by Anthony Panting, 30 Abbey Gardens, NW8.

RUSSIAN Holiday Conversation. Private lessons, also German. EUS. 5850.

'EN Famille' Holidays in Austria, France, Germany, etc. . . . Why not let us make individual arrangements for you to enjoy the interesting, friendly atmosphere of a private family or join one of the special Groups visiting our International Host-Family Centre? Meet and get to know the people of the country you visit. Illus. brochure: E.F.A., 20 Buckingham Street, WC2.

VISION Corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner, Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Road, SW7. KNIghtsbridge 7323.

SOCIAL Work students – Social Science Tutorial College, 11 Old Bond St., W1.

LET me trace your ancestry. Genealogical research all kinds. Terms mod. Box 7653.

TEENAGERS can visit France 3-4 wks. by Internat. Exch. Scheme. £15 inc. Robertson, 61 Fellows Rd., NW3. PRI. 1370.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet.—The Regent Institute (Dept. E./191), Palace Gate, London, W8.

FOREIGN girls, domesticated and willing, long/short periods available. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7. KNI. 4132.

LYRICS, sketches and bloodcurdling one-act plays required. Scripts to Irving Theatre, Leicester Square, WC2.

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8 Feb. LA FORZA DEL DESTINO

DEBUSSY'S Unfinished Operas. A talk by Edward Lockspeiser, with musical illus. Institut Français, Queensberry Place, SW7. Sun. 23 Feb. at 8 p.m. Partics; Hon. Sec., Opera Circle, 69 Kensington Court, W8.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Tues./Suns. Evgs. 6.30. The Iceman Cometh. Mems.

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ENGLISH Stage Society – forthcoming programme at the Royal Court Theatre for members only. Productions Without Decor: Phyllis Calvert in 'Love from Margaret' by Evelyn Ford, Sunday, 16 Feb.; 'The Tenth Chance' by Stuart Holroyd, Sun. 9 March. For full details apply the Sec., English Stage Society, Royal Court Theatre, Sloane Sq, SW1.

TH. Royal. E15. MAR. 5973. 8.0. S. 5, 8. 'Man, Beast and Virtue'. Wickedly Funny.

TOWER. 7.30. 7, 8, 9 (Mems.), 13, 14, 15 Feb. Turgenev's 'A Month in the Country'. New translation. CAN. 5111 (CAN. 3475 before 6). Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. Eus. 5391. 'Robin Hood'. Fri., Sat., Sun. at 7.45. Licensed bar. Mems.

CONCERTS

LONDON Harpsichord Ensemble. Works by Telemann, W. F. Bach, Haydn, Torelli, Bach. Royal Festival Hall, Recital Rm., Sat., 8 Feb., 8.15. WAT. 3191.

ORGAN Recital by Martindale Sidwell. Works by Bach, Bach-Vivaldi, Franck, Schumann & Reger. Wed. 5 Feb. at 5.45. Royal Festival Hall. Tickets 4s. WAT. 3191.

BEETHOVEN Choral Symphony & 1st London perf. of Jacobson The Hound of Heaven. Central Hall, Sat., 15 Feb., at 7.30. Soloists: Joyce Barker, Patricia Kern, John Mitchinson, John Dethick. London Choral Society. London Philharmonic Choir (section). London Philharmonic Orchestra. Cond.: John Tobin. Tickets: 12s. 6d., 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. (WHI. 4259.)

MARY Ward Settlement, 5 Tavistock Place, WC1. Sat 8 Feb., 7.30 p.m. Ilse Wolf, Sylvia Cleaver, Norman Platt, Walter Bergmann, Cantata Choir. Works by Schubert, Loewe, Geminiani, Telemann. Tickets 3s. 6d. from registrar or at the door.

ENTERTAINMENTS

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. International Film Season. Until 2 Feb. 'Duped Till Doomsday' (A). From 3 Feb. 'Rekava – The Line of Destiny' (U) (Ceylon).

ROXY. Bay. 2345. 2 Feb. 7 days. Jane Powell, Seven Brides for Seven Brothers, U; The Marauders, A.

DANCE, Sat., 1 Feb., 8 p.m., 6 Queen Square (nr Holborn Tube). Central London Fabian Society.

RAMBLERS' Association Services Ltd., and Wings Ltd., invite you to the 1958 Holiday Reunion at the Royal Festival Hall on Saturday 15 February 1958, from 7 p.m. to 11 p.m. Dancing, films from Germany, Norway and Switzerland, Alpharn competition, etc. Tickets 5s. each, from 48, Park Road, NW1 or the Royal Festival Hall.

ICA. 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group. Today 1 February, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. and their guests 5s.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat. 1 Feb. Programme of films by Harry Langdon and Harold Lloyd. 3.00, 6.00, 8.30. Members and Associates only.

DANCE by Candlelight every Sat., 7.45. Jac's Club, 1 Broadhurst Gdns., NW6 (1 min. Finchley Rd Tube Stn. At the back of John Barnes).

EXHIBITIONS

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ROBERT Delaunay. Paintings, reliefs, drawings & lithographs. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, SW1. Till 22 February. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s.

KANDINSKY. Paintings from the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York. An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 16 February. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8; Sun. 2-6. Adm. 1s. 6d.

GALLERY One, W1. GER. 3529. Denny (Mosaics), Carey (Stained Glass).

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Paintings by Bruno Pulga. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1. Until 8 February. 142 New Bond Street, W1.

AIA Gallery, 15 Lisle St, Leicester Square, WC2. Anderson, Brooks, Earle Wickham, Gerstl, Yeo.

AIA. 25 years March '58. Former members who have had work exhibited 1933-45 are invited to send in to this Exhibition at RBA. Forms from AIA. 15 Lisle St, WC2.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Recent Paintings by Michael Wishart, Rowland Suddaby and Robert Parkinson. Lithographs by Picasso. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes 22 Feb.

PIERRE Montal, 14 South Molton St. Paintings Rivers of France also Sculptures 29 Jan.-22 Feb. 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Five Painters. Closing 8 February. Daily 10-6. Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free.

THE Crafts Centre of Gt. Britain. Lettering in the Crafts at 16-17 Hay Hill, London, W1. Monday to Friday 10-5 p.m. Saturday 10-12.30 p.m. The Exhibition remains open until 22 February.

TEA Centre, 22 Regent St, London, SW1. Poole Pottery. Exhibition extended to 8 Feb. 1 p.m.), other days 10.30 a.m. to 6.30 p.m. (excluding Sunday).

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. The Brothers Rich (Paintings) and Madame Pigeaud (Enamels). Till 10 February. Daily 10-7 including Saturdays.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Anita De Caro. Paintings, Takis – Sculpture. Opens Tuesday 4 February. Until 1 March. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

PICTURES for Schools: 10th London Exhibition, Whitechapel Art Gallery, High Street, E1. 2-23 Feb. Weekdays (closed Mondays) 11-6. Sundays 2-6. Organised by the Society for Education through Art.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W1. Paintings by William Johnstone. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Paintings and Gouaches: John O'Connor. Until 8 February.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Exhibitions: William Harvey, Tercentenary Exhibition; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions. Mon-Friday 10-5. Adm. free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CHRISTIANS, what do you know about Buddhism? Public Lecture, Wed. 5 Feb., 6.30 sharp, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1: 'A Christian Looks at Buddhism', Rev. G. Appleton, Vicar of St Botolph's, Bishopsgate. Chair: Christmas Humphreys. Read 'The Middle Way', 2s. 10d. quarterly post free. Buddhist Society, TAT 1313. PS: 5 Mar., Caxton Hall, E. Conze on 'Buddhism and Christianity'.

SUFFRAGETTE Fellowship, 6 Feb., Caxton Hall, 7 p.m. Mrs. Pandit, Dame Vera Laughton-Mathews, Mrs. Jeger, MP.

PERSONALIST Group. J. B. Coates, 'An Address to the Intelligentsia', 20 Buckingham St, WC2, Wed. 5 Feb., 7.30 p.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

CAMPAIGN for Nuclear Disarmament. Mass Meeting Central Hall, Westminster, Monday, 17 February at 7.30 p.m. Speakers: Michael Foot, Sir Stephen King-Hall, J. B. Priestley, Earl Russell, A. J. P. Taylor. Chairman: Canon L. John Collins. Tickets 6d. each from Mrs Peggy Duff, 146 Fleet Street, London, EC4. Please enclose SAE.

MANCHESTER Humanist Fellowship. Prof. Hyman Levy, 'The Crisis in Human Values', 64 George St. Sat., 1 Feb., 3 p.m.

WORLD Jewish Congress-British Section. Jewish Forum: Monday, 3 February, 1958, 8 p.m. Friends House, Euston Road, NW1 (Garden Entrance): 'Where can Israel look for Allies?' Speakers: A. Deva Angadi, John Connell, Anthony Greenwood, MP, Sidney Silverman, MP; in the chair: J. Halevy, M.Sc.

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Society, Thurs., 13 Feb., 8.15 p.m. Mr. Gordon Schaffer, recently returned from Eastern Europe and Chairman of the Society, will speak on: 'Germany, Poland and Europe.' All welc. 23 Regent's Park Road, NW1. GUL. 1422. 74 o.as from Camden Town or Baker St.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun., 2 Feb., 6.30. Music & Readings, 7 p.m., H. J. Blackham, 'Power or Love'.

WORLD Jewish Congress – British Section. Jewish Book Week Lecture: Isaac Deutscher on The 'Non-Jewish' Jew in Modern Thought: Spinoza, Marx, Heine, Freud, Rosa Luxemburg and Trotsky. Adolf Tuck Hall, Woburn House, Upper Woburn Place, London, WC1. Wednesday, 5 February, 1958, at 8 p.m. Chairman: Rev. Chaim Pearl, MA, PhD. Admission Free.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Judith Hubback on Changes which I Would Like to See in Education. Wed., 5 Feb., 7.30 p.m. 57 Dean St., W1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Discussion: 'Young Painters'. A film about William Green will be screened. Chairman: Robert Melville. Tuesday, 4 February, 8.15 p.m. Admission 3s. Members 1s. 6d.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. The Influence of Eye Disease on Pictorial Art. P. D. Trevor-Roper, FRCS. Chairman: Dr T. O. Garland. Thursday, 6 February, 8.15 p.m. Admission 3s. Members 1s. 6d.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Rehearsed Play Reading: 'Goodbye World' written and produced by Bernard Kops. Sunday, 9 February, 7.30 p.m. Seats must be booked in advance. Admission 6s. Members 3s. 6d.

INDIAN Institute of World Culture, Fri., 7 Feb., 8.30 p.m., Mr Arthur F. Bishop, 'Charles Lamb and his Circle' (Illus.). Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gdns, Paddington, W2. All welcome.

BEN Uri Literary Circle, 14 Portman St, W1. Alan Brownjohn, Patrick Galvin, J. C. Hall and Arthur Jacobs reading their own poetry. Chairman: Jon Silkin. Thursday, 6 February, 8 p.m.

ART Film Show: 'Artist's Proof' and 'L. S. Lowry', introduced by John Read. Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Avenue, EC1 (nr Sadlers Wells). Tues., 4 Feb., 8.30 (arr. Finsbury Art Group). Non-members 1s. 6d.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. Fri., 31 Jan., 8 p.m. Evening in Memory of M. V. Dobuinsky. In the Chair: James Laver. Speakers: Mme. Tamara Karsavina, Mme. Marie Rambert, Count Armfeld, Clive Carey, Arnold Haskell, Sir Cecil Kisch, S. Ossiakovsky, T. Preston, V. Tyszecki. Fri., 7 Feb., 8 p.m. Dr N. Zernov, 'Avvakum' – Evening in Memory of A. M. Remezov.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1. 8 February at 6 p.m. M. Guy Millot (Alliance Française) 'Son Excellence Louis Jouvet'.

LECTURES on H. P. Blavatsky's Writings, 8 p.m. Sun., 2 Feb., 'Key to Philosophy', ULT, Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2.

CONWAY Discussions. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Tues., 4 Feb., 7.15 p.m. Lady Eve Balfour, 'Food, Health & Soil Vitality'. Adm. free.

ZION House Lectures (in conjunction with the University of London). Dr W. Van Der Zyl, 'Moses Mendelsohn', 57 Eton Avenue, NW3. 8 p.m., Tues., 4 Feb.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

HYPOCRISY—A World Power.' A. Robertson, MA. Sun. 11 a.m. 2 Feb., S. Place Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Write for free 'Record'. Chamber music concerts. Sun. 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s 6d.

CAMPAIGN Against Zionist Apathy. Next open forum Mon. 3 February at 21 Portman Square, W1, at 8 p.m. Subject: How assimilationist Zionists are undermining future of Jewry. Opener: Dr Wolfgang von Weisl – Director European Bureau of General Zionism. Chairman: F. Ashe Lincoln, Esq., QC. Further particulars from Hon. Sec., Mrs L. Allen, 43 Russell Gardens, NW11. SPE. 3328.

SHAW Soc. Readings by Ellen Pollock, 7 Albemarle St, W1, 31 Jan. 7 p.m. Nonmems. 2s. 25 April: Lord Altrincham.

SWAMI Ghanananda, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Sun. 5 p.m. Kingly Yoga. All welc. Vedanta bi-monthly 2s. 6d.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures entitled 'The End of Humanism' will be delivered by Sir Kenneth Clark at 5.30 p.m. on 5 and 14 February at University of London, Senate House, WC1. Admission free, without ticket.

GRESHAM College, Basinghall St., EC2. Tel. MONarch 2433. Four Lectures on 'Alexander Pope' will be given by the Professor in Rhetoric, Prof. Bonamy Dobree, MA., on Mon. to Thurs., 3 to 6 Feb. The Lectures are free and begin at 5.30 p.m.

CRISES in British History. 7 public lectures Tues. 6.30 p.m. begin 11 Feb. Peasants' Revolt (Harold Hutchison), Kett's Rebellion (S. T. Bindoff), Great Fire and Rebuilding (Martin Holmes), Parliamentary Reform Crisis of 1831-2 (M. G. Brock), Military Crisis of 1917 (B. Liddell Hart), General Strike (Julian Symons), Invasion Threat of 1940 (Peter Fleming). Course ticket 7s. 6d. Details Sec., Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Rd, SE1. WAT. 6872.

ESPERANTO Classes, Tues., 4 Feb. and weekly thereafter, 6.30 p.m. Pupils of all levels and especially beginners, warmly invited to join these classes. Fee, 5s. Enrol 4 Feb. or apply to the Secretary, British-Polish Friendship Society, 23 Regent's Park Road, NW1. GUL. 1422, 74 bus from Camden Town or Baker Street.

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